

# SHARING OBSERVATIONS

• • • BONSACK









**SHARING OBSERVATIONS  
WITH THE HOME CHURCH**

**BY  
CHARLES D. BONSAK**

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## IN APPRECIATION

These pages could scarcely have been written had it not been for the abiding good fellowship of our comrades in travel, Leland S. Brubaker and J. K. Miller. They encouraged us from the beginning, and often accepted gladly poorer accommodations in order that we might make some brief record. Their constant fellowship of humanness and goodwill helped us to survive weariness, tropical heat and many other trying experiences.

Directly and indirectly, we learned that many throughout the home church appreciated these notes with the information they brought about the mission stations and the world. This encouraged us to continue the record. To these, and to the whole church who prayed and did not forget, we owe perhaps much more than we now know.

Then there was a loyal group of friends at Elgin, those who know us best and carried the extra burden of our usual tasks in the office. Those who sent us letters of news and cheer in hours of weariness, who gave words of help and deeds of service to a lonely family. These, with the constant good fellowship of the mis-

sionaries and the growing church on the field, gave constant courage to share our joy and contacts in one of the most hopeful tasks of the church.

That these notes are given in book form, perhaps all credit is due the editors of *The Gospel Messenger*. We felt the notes were unworthy of such a permanent place in the literature of the church. But the editors decided otherwise, and special recognition is due H. A. Brandt for his untiring help in editing and arranging the material for this book. Without his patient and hard work it would likely not be in existence.

But above all, to my good wife and family, and those of my comrades in travel, we owe most for the courage and possibility of making the trip and writing the story. These loved ones have been our faithful comrades through the years. In this case they bore even more than their share of sacrifice and loneliness, anxiety and responsibility, that we might make the long journey of over forty thousand miles. Thus it is that to them and the kind Father who kept them and us in the eleven months of absence we owe more than mere gratitude and praise.

*Elgin, Illinois*  
*August 30, 1935*

*Chas. D. Bonsack.*

## EDITORS' PREFACE

When it became certain that a deputation was to visit the mission fields of the Church of the Brethren the editors of *The Gospel Messenger* immediately took counsel as to how some popular report of the trip might be obtained for the paper. Thus it was that soon after the Ames Conference Bro. Charles D. Bonsack, leader of the deputation, was approached on the matter. .

Now, going on deputation work is anything but the holiday venture that some imagine. There goes with it a weight of detail and responsibility beyond what any but the strongest and wisest can bear. For this reason the editors were hesitant to add to the burdens of busy men. Yet they felt *Messenger* readers would greatly appreciate whatever the members of the deputation could find time to write.

And then it was discovered that on former trips Bro. Bonsack had been accustomed to write rather complete diaries for his own personal files. Why not have him share such a record of the proposed trip with the readers of the *Messenger*? Naturally he felt that personal notes, written under handicaps of

time and first impressions, could hardly be fair to the author or the subjects treated. But the editors argued that just such informal and impressionistic writing would appeal to the average reader.

Ultimately Bro. Bonsack yielded to the importunity of the editors and *Sharing Observations With the Home Church* began to appear. Installments kept coming with better than the hoped for regularity. From Cherbourg, London, Las Palmas, Freetown, Lagos, Capetown, Mombasa, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Saigon, Hongkong, Shanghai, Peiping and other far-off places around the world, observations were sent. Only once was a manuscript lost, and strangely enough that the last one and on a secretary's desk! Meanwhile reader comment indicated the *Messenger* was carrying the most popular feature in years.

The next step was to make the *Observations* available in some convenient and permanent form. This volume, prepared especially for *Messenger* readers, is the answer to that need. The book contains the running story of the trip, to which have been added an introductory statement and a concluding chapter of interpretation. The pictures used were selected from hundreds taken by the members of the deputation.

*Edward Frantz,*  
*H. A. Brandt.*

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## INTRODUCTORY WORD—WHY A DEPUTATION?

Some of the reasons for frequent visits to the mission fields are obvious. Others, more vital, are apparent only to those close to the work. For example, the home church should be kept informed of mission progress and needs. But much more in the midst of the problems mentioned is there need of sharing sympathy and help. Many things can be done or said from the standpoint of a board or the home church which can not be handled by co-workers on the field. Of course, in order to say some of these things helpfully, the right to speak must be earned by sacrifice, sympathy and understanding.

There are virtues of and work by missionaries and national workers to be commended, even as there are weaknesses and mistakes to be recognized and corrected. Sometimes there are irritations that need a bit of the fresh oil of gladness. There must be constant study of methods and outlook as affected by the ability of the home church to give. There is guidance needed for the organization and program of the emerging churches in every mission field. In fact, often the mere presence of some one new and

fresh from the home church and homeland solves problems, though most of them are not that simple.

Business men who spend a hundred thousand dollars or more annually would not need to give reasons for frequent and careful study of their field. Certainly we should not be less careful with the sacrificial gifts of the church, nor less indifferent to the workers chosen to carry on, and for whom we daily pray. But beyond and underneath all problems in the study of the mission enterprise, one must see its vital life and progress. In the midst of difficulties it is easy to overlook this. For this reason many travelers say critical things about missions that are not justified by all the facts.

But to all who can see the things that are vital, there is much for which to praise God. One constantly faces miracles of grace, where souls see the Light and are changed into radiant saints. There are others who need long years of fellowship to test the missionary's sincerity before they can accept his message. Patient teaching and radiant living are necessary to help all such. While beyond this group is an innumerable multitude of timid souls too deeply steeped in superstition and fear to openly confess their allegiance to Christ.

We shall always remember in this connection a visit made one Sunday afternoon in the town of

Bulsar, India. With a missionary who formerly worked in this area we called on some of his old friends. Among these were two silversmiths. Both men were found with a Bible conveniently near; both greeted us with evidence of the deepest appreciation of religious faith, and both assured us that they read the Book daily, being secret disciples of the Lord. But their surroundings, their trade, their traditions, these all combined to make it impossible, as they thought, to become open followers of Christ. We came away with a deepened conviction of the size and sincerity of the host across the world just like them. Some day their faith will burst forth, fully justifying the hope we have in sharing the gospel of Christ with all the world, and at any cost of life or money this demands.

It was in the consciousness of these problems and these results that the trip described in these pages was undertaken. The readers of these simple diary notes will miss many of the things that are intended, felt and longed for unless these more vital things are kept in mind. It was no pleasure jaunt that was undertaken, even though the splendid comradeship all along the way put a lot of joy and gladness into the venture. It was not a trip to see the world, though we did see much of it and were glad to see the goodness of God written across every land and sea. It was not a trip to criticize the missionaries,

even though that was done at times—we trust sympathetically. Neither was it a trip to see nothing but good so that exaggerated reports of the work might be made to the home church, though this also would be easy to do.

It was a trip to help, to share, to find the better way, to compare plans and methods, talk over possibilities and needs, to encourage and understand, so that on our return, we might together make more effective our work, our prayers, our gifts and ourselves in our common task of revealing Christ to the world. If the reader can feel in some small way the hope and responsibility of such a task, then he will discover something of the heart of our quest and purpose.

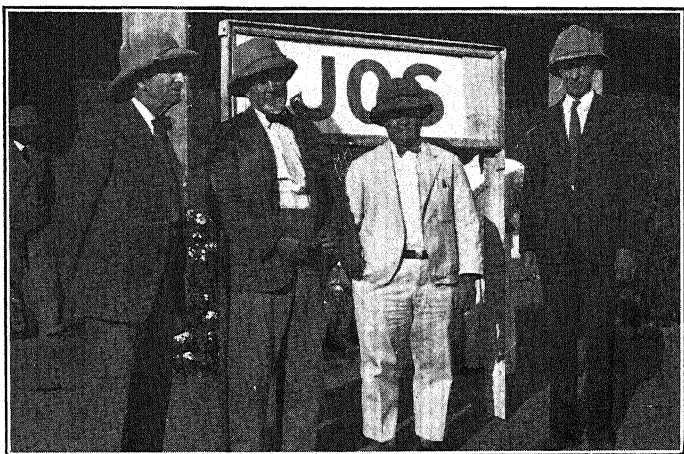
*C. D. B.*

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## PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE TRIP

*Out of the hundreds of pictures taken by Brethren Leland S. Brubaker and J. K. Miller, twenty-nine were selected and arranged to stand as a pictorial record of the trip. Five pages of halftones show Africa scenes, six give views from India, and five serve to illustrate the story of the visit to China. As nearly as possible the pictures are arranged in the order in which they were taken.*

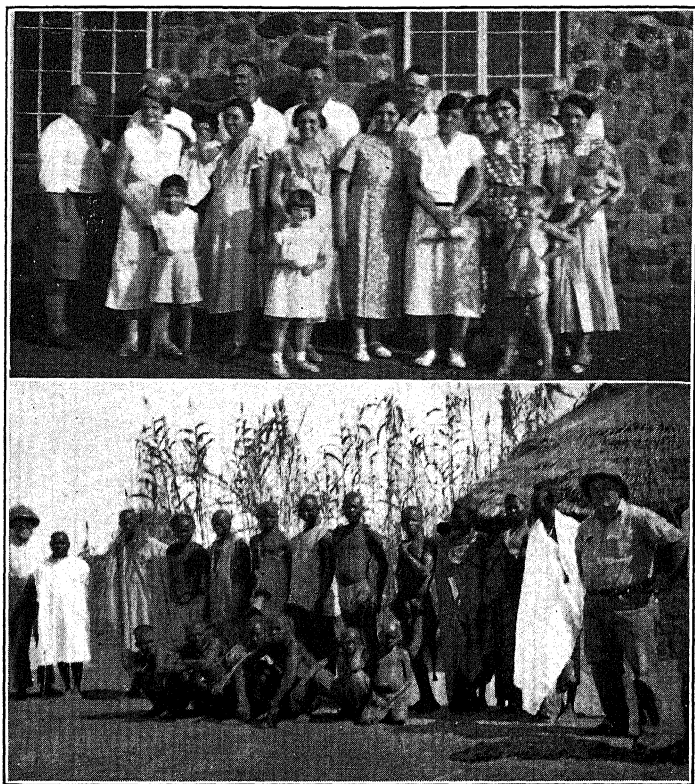


*The first stage of the journey was by train to New York, thence by boat to Lagos via London. The writer left Elgin, Ill., on Aug. 27. The deputation arrived at Lagos, Nigeria, Sept. 29. The trip to Jos was made by train. Oct. 4 the deputation left Jos by truck to make the three-hundred-mile trip to the Africa mission field of the Church of the Brethren. The first picture in this graphic record shows the deputation at Jos. Reader's left to right: J. K. Miller, C. D. Bonsack, Leland S. Brubaker, Mr. Beacham.*

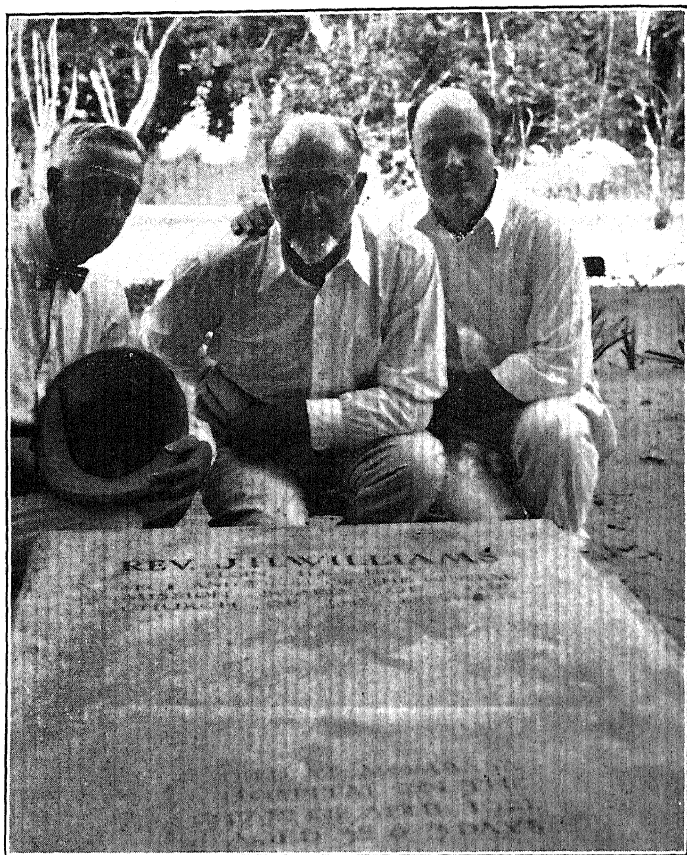


*Above: The market at Garkida viewed from a tree top. Below: Mrs. Kulp's sewing class at Lassa, but in this case the pupils are spinning—a bit of necessary preliminary work! Deputation in the background.*

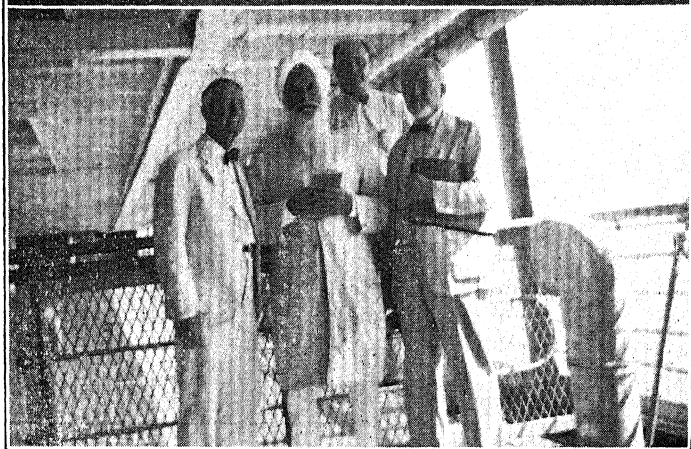
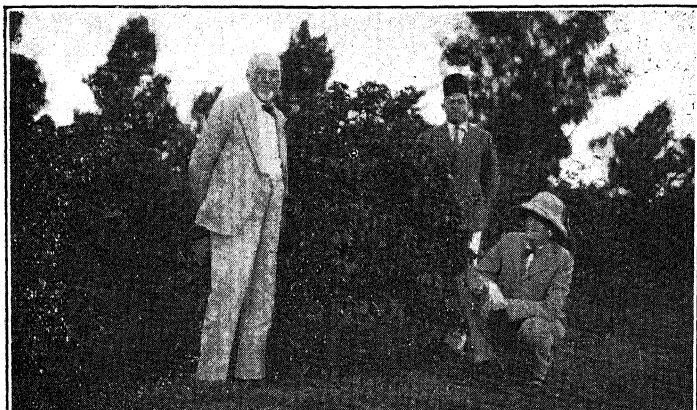




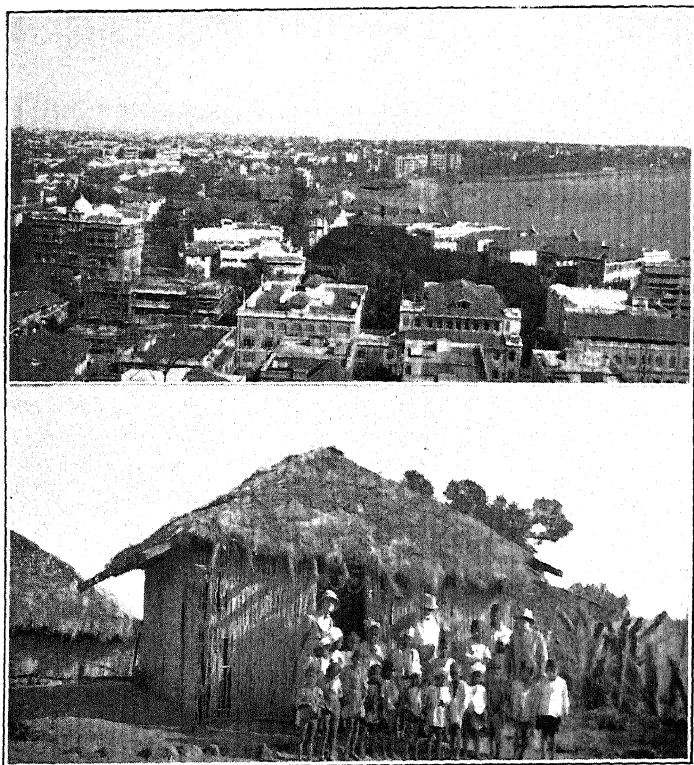
*Above: Our Africa missionaries at a conference at Marama. Below: The leper colony at Lassa. Some of the natives shown are Dr. Burke's assistants. Members of the deputation are in both views.*



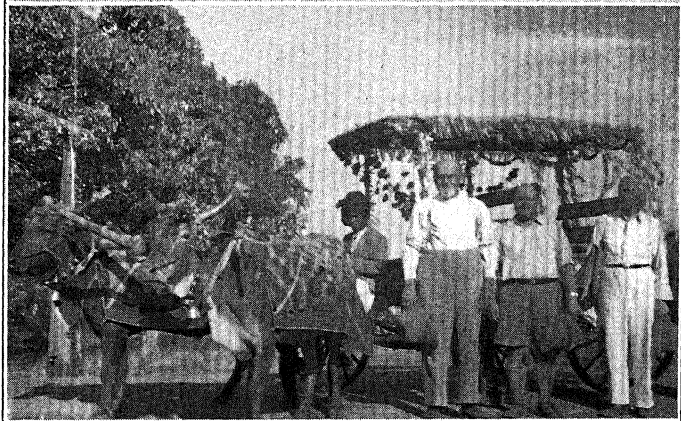
*At the grave of J. H. B. Williams, Mombasa. To the Church of the Brethren Mombasa is sacred because here lies the dust of our good brother, J. H. B. Williams, who died from typhoid fever here on April 17, 1921. He was making a trip to the mission fields in company with Brethren J. J. Yoder and H. J. Harnly.*



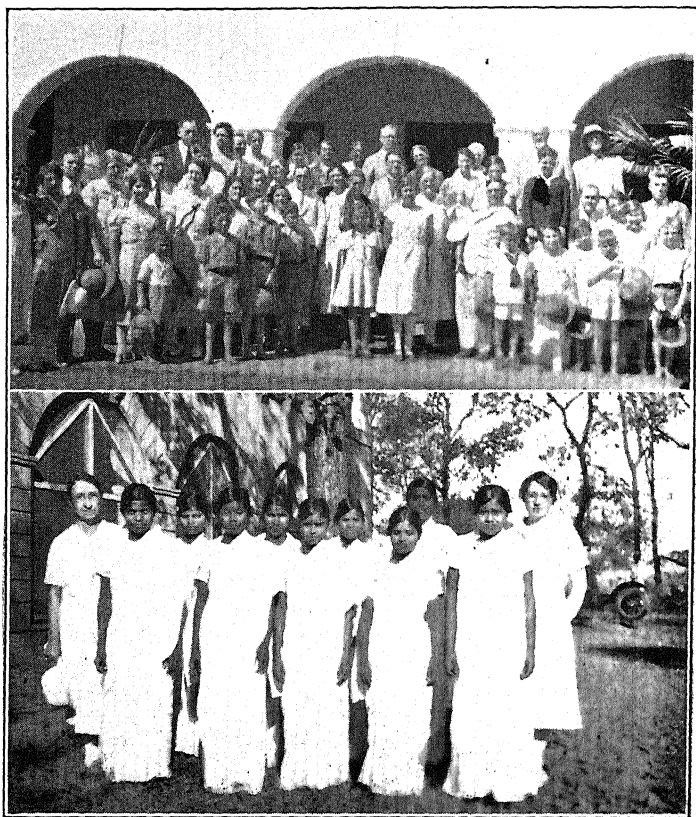
*Above: After sunset in a coffee plantation near Nairobi, Kenya. Note the coffee tree is really little more than a bush. Below: On the sea from Mombasa to Bombay, with our mutual friend, the venerable Sikh, who acted as chairman of a discussion group.*



*Above: View of Bombay from Malabar Hill. Below: A typical village school on the way to Pinjal, not far from Vada, India.*



*Above: Farewell at Girls' School, Anḱlesvar. Below: Receiving the deputation at Ahwa, India.*



*Above: The mission conference at Bulsar before the children left for school at Landour. Below: Hospital and dispensary helpers at Dahanu with Dr. Nickey (left) and Hazel Messer (right).*

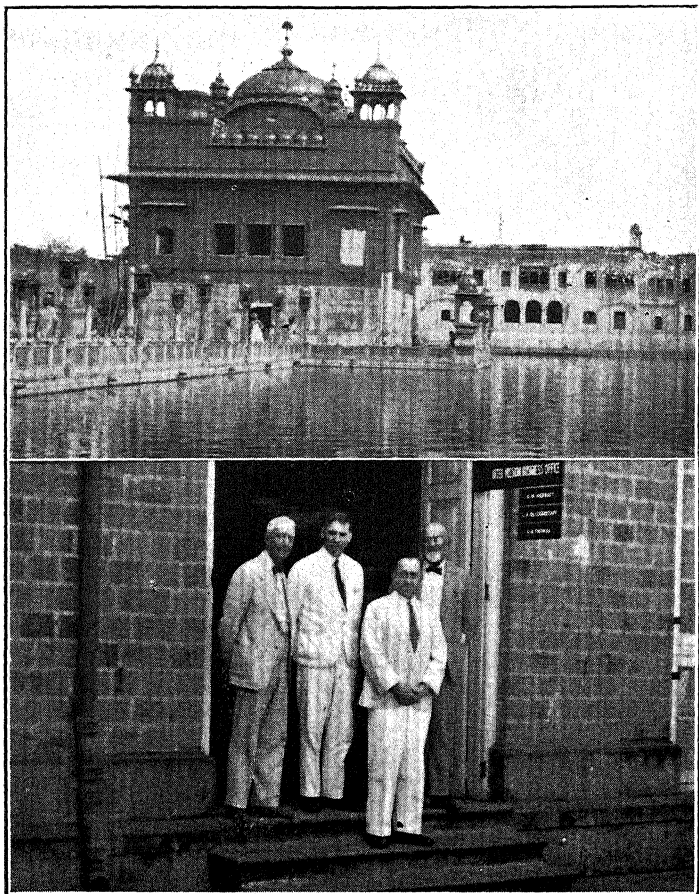


*Above: School family at Dahanu. Below: The baby home, same place. Goldie Swartz is the missionary.*

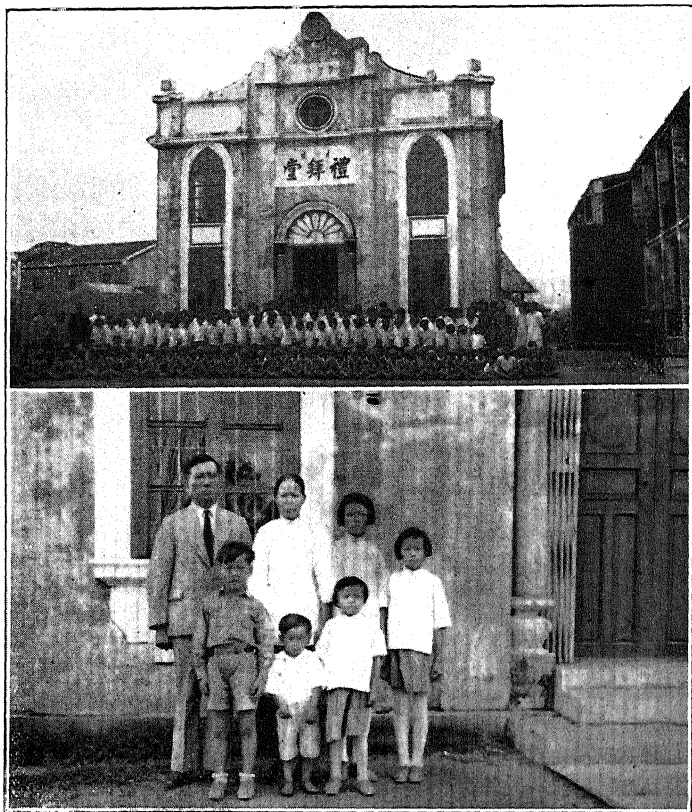


*Above: Carried in a dandy at Landour. Below: In front of the mission bungalow at Landour. Besides the deputation members, the picture shows Edward Ziegler and Mrs. Mae Miller and little daughter.*





*Above: Golden Temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar. Below: The Inter-Mission Business Office at Bombay. Left to right: J. K. Miller, E. M. Moffatt (treasurer of M. E. Board), L. A. Blickenstaff and C. D. Bonsack.*



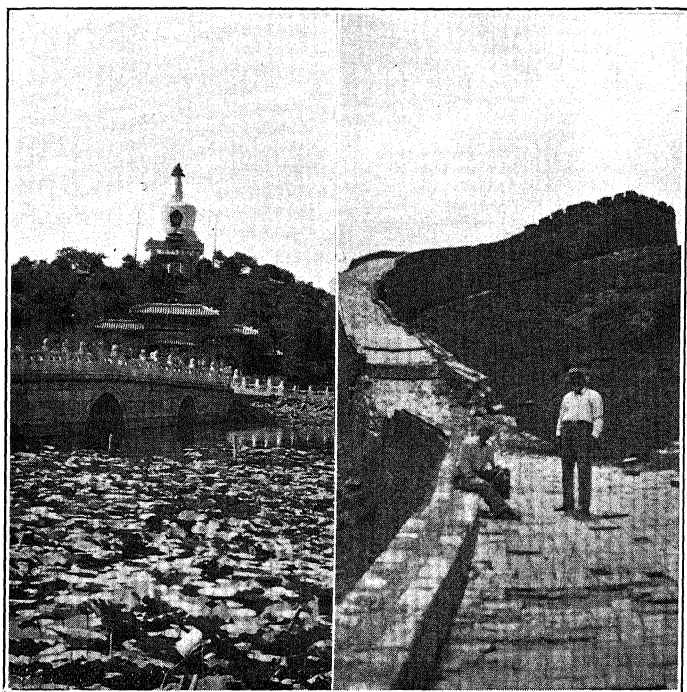
*Above: School and church in South China. Below: Moy Gwong and family.*



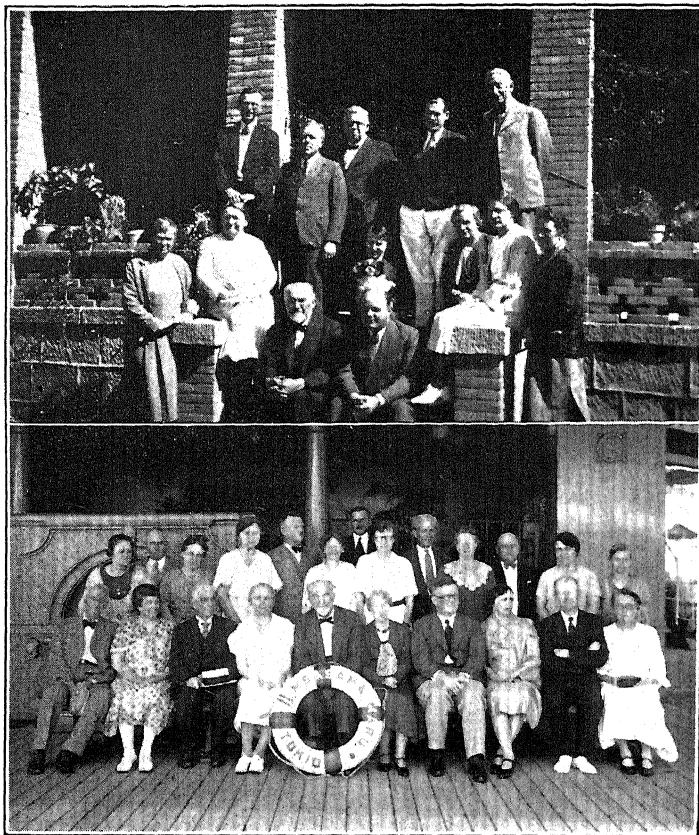
*Above: Ready to leave Liao Chow. Below: At a village near Liao Chow. The man at the reader's right was once pronounced dead, but later revived and became a dynamic witness for Christ.*



*Admiring Chinese things in the Homer J. Bright home. Standing, Emma Horning; seated, Nettie Senger and J. K. Miller.*



*Reader's right: On the Great Wall of China. Left: A view of the winter palace of the emperor.*



*Above: At the F. H. Crumpacker home on his birthday. Below: Missionary group on the Asama Maru crossing the Pacific Ocean, homeward bound.*

## CHAPTER I

### FROM ELGIN TO LONDON

**W**E left Elgin for Chicago at one o'clock in the afternoon on Aug. 27, driving in my car with Bro. H. Spenser Minnich as chauffeur. My good wife and two daughters went along; but I was too busy turning responsibility over to Bro. Minnich to really enjoy this last visit with my family. The little group of friends who said good-by and God bless you as we left, it turned out, were a sustaining inspiration all the way. In Chicago we met our traveling companions, Bro. Leland S. Brubaker of Covina, California, and Bro. J. K. Miller of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*August 28.* Bro. Miller left us at Harrisburg to visit his brother in Washington, D. C., while Bro. Brubaker accompanied me to Philadelphia and on to New York, where we spent the evening planning for a busy day to follow.

*August 29.* Here we met Bro. A. D. Helser and his good family and Dr. Lloyd R. Studebaker and his wife and son. The former were returning to the work in Africa and accompanied us all the way to Nigeria. The Studebakers went as far as England,

where he took a course in tropical medicine and proceeded to Africa early in February.

The day was given to visés, to passport, visits to mission offices, transfer of baggage to boat, and to other last hour duties. We went aboard ship at 8:30 P. M. Here we received letters and telegrams during the evening, every one of which was appreciated. We also had time to write a few lines. We were pleased to have a visit from Bro. Fahnstock, as well as from Sister McCann with her son Henry. As guests went ashore at 11:30 o'clock, we were left with a strange mixture of life on the boat. One group was composed of those who were loud, boisterous and rude; these had been indulging in beer with departing friends. But there was another large group who had come to say farewell to departing missionaries who were singing hymns. Promptly at midnight our good ship moved out to sea and we retired, leaving our junior comrade to say farewell to the Statue of Liberty as we passed by.

*August 30.* We awoke to find ourselves upon the wide expanse of the Atlantic. We were later introduced to a pleasant and efficient German crew. The food was good and abundant. On the passenger list there were 144 in our tourist class, twenty-one with the title of Doctor, nine that of Professor and five Reverend. Total passengers aboard were



281 with only twenty-two in first class. The day was crisp and calm and all seemed hopeful of a good passage. The deputation members talked of their duties and plans for the work. After feasting on the truth of Psalms 121, and committing ourselves, work and loved ones to the Father of us all, we retired.

*August 31.* The day dawned with a brisk wind and some increased swaying of the ship, with its usual effect on passengers, causing many absences from the table. But the members of the deputation proved good sailors. We began the day getting acquainted with some of our fellow passengers. We were glad to find Rev. J. Roy Strock and wife. Some may remember him as one of the speakers in many of the Stanley Jones meetings. He was returning to his work at Gantur, India. We were pleased to meet Dr. J. E. Hartzler, wife and daughter, who were on their way to Beirut, Syria, where he will teach for his second year. Dr. Hartzler has been associated with Bluffton College, Ohio, and is a well-known Mennonite. Several other missionaries were on their way to the Gold Coast. The day closed with one of those glorious sunsets that are rare on sea or land.

*September 1.* We were disappointed with the grey weather of the morning after the evening's glorious sunset. We answered some of the letters re-

ceived on sailing. They were read again with increasing appreciation. Among the many received, all of which were appreciated, we did especially appreciate one from the moderator-elect of our 1935 Conference, who also enclosed one to be read to our churches and missions abroad. The two children of our party, little David Helser and Melvin Studebaker, were a constant joy with their sunshine and life.

*September 2.* The bugler calling us from bed reminded us that this was Sunday by playing the melody of an old hymn. This call to worship would have found a welcome in our hearts if the wind had not stirred the temper of old Neptune and made many victims of the malady of the sea! The officers of the ship had asked our party for a Protestant service in the social room, first-class. Dr. Strock had charge. The writer attempted a short talk. The rest of the day was more or less quiet, and spent in reading, sleeping and visiting those unable to get about. The evening closed with a beer festival of some kind, but the deputation used the time to discuss the problems involved in creating an indigenous church on mission fields. While we came to no definite conclusions, we did get far enough to conclude that it was easier to talk about than to get done.

*September 3.* We remembered this was Labor Day in America, and thinking of the many District

Meetings being held, discovered a coincidence in the fact that while each of us came from a different district, yet each district had its annual business meeting on this day. Of course we prayed for three profitable meetings. Everybody was happy to know that more than half of the Atlantic was behind us. Plans were being discussed about what to do on arrival. Quite a few intended going to the Passion Play. It is rather remarkable how this presentation of the last days of our Lord attracts the Christian world after 300 years; but why not, since it presents the greatest event in human history?

*September 4* proved one of the most beautiful days of our voyage. Crisp air and wonderful sunshine prevailed during the day. A ship passed early in the morning to assure us that we were not alone on this expanse of water. In the afternoon our party made a tour of the ship. Since many may be interested in some facts about an ocean liner, we mention a few. Our ship was the *Albert Ballin* of the Hamburg American Line. It was named after Mr. Ballin, once president of this great shipping company. Because all ships were taken from the Germans by the allies after the war, and his life work seemed for naught, he committed suicide in 1918. Ours was the first ship built after the war by this company. It was completed in 1923. It was followed by four others of similar type. Of 21,000

tonnage, it can carry a cargo of 8,000 tons and 1,100 passengers when fully loaded. Being out of season, we had a few less than 300 and a cargo of 3,000 tons, mostly of wheat, flour and apples. The total crew consists of 420. The ship carries first, tourist and third-class. The food for each class is prepared in that class's kitchen, and the service in each is good for the price paid. In the captain's office there are telephones to every principal officer; also instruments for measuring the depth of the sea by sound through musical notes; for closing all water compartment doors in case of a leak; tubes for detecting fire in any department of the ship; for determining the location of the ship by radio in case of any failure of compass and other instruments. The ship uses oil for fuel. Safety devices and precaution are evident everywhere. Even a captain may not carry his wife or family with him on the same ship, for fear domestic interests and relations might lead to neglect of duty en route. When one remembers how folks get seasick on one of these floating palaces, he has a new appreciation of the courage of Columbus and his men, and our own church fathers, who braved the tempestuous seas in earlier days.

*September 5.* The farewell dinner last night was an evidence that our trip on the *Albert Ballin* was nearing an end; yet with the deputation the journey was scarcely begun. We faced the months ahead

with some weariness mingled with hope. Our first stop was Cherbourg, France, then on to Southampton, England. We were sorry to part from some whom we had learned to appreciate. In travel one is constantly amazed at the common bond of human experience between folks of every language and race. Back of some homely face are goodness and love; likewise tragedy and selfishness too. How we must know the cross currents of struggle behind every deed before we can be sure of much of the character of the people we meet from time to time!

*September 6.* We were awakened by a voice saying, "Look out your porthole, the *Europa* is passing us." We looked; this massive and fast ship which left New York forty-eight hours after we did, passed at 6:30 A. M., while we were just outside the harbor at Cherbourg. Here we lost some of our passengers, among them Dr. Hartzler and family, who went on across Europe to see the Passion Play. After an hour we proceeded to Southampton, where at noon we disembarked after satisfying the government officials of our right to do so and that we would behave ourselves while in Britain. How good and strange it was to be on land again, after eight days on the water! On our two-hour journey by rail to London, what a delight to see the well-kept gardens and fields of the farmers of southern England! At last in the bustling city of London, we began to get

acquainted with the confusion of English money, passing on the left side, and other things different. We found London folks more conservative, simpler in dress and perhaps more courteous than we Americans. They are beginning to use signs and display ads quite as much as their American competitors—except the electric kind; the cost of fuel prevents this and Americans can well take notice of an extravagance that may some day end. We were soon in the good home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Weber. They have entertained many of our people going through London. They were not the least excited when two cabs unloaded seven adults, two children and about thirty pieces of baggage in front of their hospitable home. It was soon all tucked away; and the guests too, after a bountiful supper.

*September 7.* We were off to W. J. Allison & Sons, shipping agents for many mission societies and real friends of mission work. Here we learned of a cable from Africa saying that a sick missionary was returning home. Such are the unpleasant problems of the work, and they suggest the importance of the most careful physical examinations of all who enter mission work in tropical climates. We made plans for our trip, purchased a few needed things for a tropical climate and returned to our resting place with a sense of weariness and a feeling of being successful candidates for a night of sleep.

*September 8.* London gave us a few days of splendid weather. We first visited that wonderful cathedral, St. Paul's, where Dean Inge has made famous in thought in the last ten years its already famous history as a building. Being Saturday, the Houses of Parliament were open to the public and here a short visit was made. Immediately adjoining is Westminster Abbey. Here are the accumulated evidences of England's long history. In the House of Parliament, where British laws are made, are statuary and paintings. These pay tribute to thrilling stories of religion and religious contribution to English progress. In Westminster Abbey where all kings for six centuries have been crowned, and where the people of London have worshiped for the same period, they seem to pay special tribute to the heroes of war and the conquerors in battles for human rights. Too long has the Christian church worshiped those who have shared in the tragic cruelties of war. The selfless giving of life is not to be overlooked, but it is quite time that the Christian church should find the "moral equivalent of war" in that selfless giving up of rights that lead to war. Here is the challenge of Calvary and the heart of the way to peace.

In Westminster Abbey there are the remains of perhaps more prominent historians, poets, scientists and famous men and women, than in any other bur-

ial place in the world. But to a mission enthusiast, no remains are more revered than the dust of David Livingstone. Near by is the grave of the unknown soldier of England. The fine loyalty of marriage is recognized by the tombs of William E. Gladstone and wife. This grand old man of England, who was made four times England's premier, requested that if his good wife could not be buried in the Abbey by his side, he did not care for the honor for himself.

*September 9.* London is a city of great cathedrals and preachers. But first of all we had to help get Dr. Studebaker off to Edinburgh. He learned that in order to pass a British medical examination he must proceed there at once; and like a good missionary he went, while his good wife stayed in London to complete some buying. After this we went to Central Hall to hear Dr. Dinsdale T. Young, a leader of Methodism in London. Here is a man, at least seventy-five years old, whose message attracts large crowds. He has occupied the same pulpit for about twenty-five years. Like most British preachers, he is a student of the Bible and of life. He interpreted the richness of revelation in terms of human need. Simple, practical and sincerely in earnest, he sent his people away thinking and helped. The evening service was in an average church in West London near where we were stopping. But



it was no average sermon that we heard—unless the average is much higher here than that to which we are accustomed. To close the day, we listened to the Dean of St. Martins—"Dick" Shepherd, known to most American preachers by his books. His message was over the radio and concerned the beauty of going the second mile.

*September 10.* After a busy day of shopping, we spent the hour of tea time with that veteran missionary, Dr. J. H. Oldham. He had just returned from an important conference in Denmark on Christian life and order. He seemed stirred by the modern tendency of governments to supersede conscience and God in their demands on the individual life. He reported that members of these conferences were studying this question with the purpose of creating a sounder philosophy in governmental procedure, giving more heed to the rights of the Christian church and missions in all lands. No one can spend an hour with this great soul without being impressed by the vast interests involved in keeping free the way to propagate religion among all men and nations.

*September 11.* This day was largely spent discussing missions with other office secretaries. First we met Dr. Cash, Dr. Cooke and Mr. Hooper of the Church Missionary Society of the Church of England. The officers of this great and oldest society

have a magnificent building in which they are located. A spirit of faith and hope prevailed in their outlook. They gave us happy suggestions for mission work, also letters of introduction to such of their missionaries as we might meet. Next we visited the offices of the London Missionary Society, the second oldest in London. Here we found no foreign secretaries in, but were graciously shown the place. They have a map that was made in Africa by David Livingstone of the country he had explored. One marvels at the details and accuracy of this first attempt at mapping the dark continent, but they told us that this was characteristic of all his work. We called at the office of the Sudan United Mission and found the secretary, Mr. Dawson, was in. Much of their work lies adjacent to that of our own in Nigeria. The evening was given to what was called a valedictory service for outgoing missionaries under the Methodist Society of Great Britain. This service was something like our mission convocation at Conference.

*September 12.* This was our last day in London. We had to look after a hundred and one things necessary before embarking on the long journey ahead. Letters home, to the office and to others were written. We radioed the boat on which Dr. Bosler and family and Dorothy Inman were returning from Africa to know the latter's condition, on

whose account they were returning at this time. The reply was: "Three months ill. No improvement. Not critical." We lunched with Miss Gibson of the International Missionary Council. She gave us further help for our trip and letters of introduction, she having made a trip to Africa the past year. We met the brother of my son-in-law in the afternoon, Mr. Roland Hardy, also his family, who came in from Leeds. After a delightful hour with these friends, we made final arrangements and settlement with W. J. Allison & Son, who had so kindly and efficiently helped us in our buying and traveling plans.

*September 13.* Everybody was up early and ready for our departure from Southampton. How graciously the Webers cared for us. These kindly folks know how to make one feel at home in every hour of the day or night and under all circumstances. Good-bys were reluctantly said and we were off. But at the station we remembered that a package with Bro. Brubaker's clothes for the tropics was forgotten. Frantic efforts were made to get them, but too late, and they had to follow by parcel post. At noon our boat sailed from Southampton under promise of a beautiful day indeed.

One could not help but reflect on a week in London as we left this metropolis of the world, this center of history and literature, of political and econ-

omic influence on the whole of mankind. Since previous visits, London has advanced noticeably. Buildings, subways, street cars, newspapers and billboards display advertising in which liquors and tobaccos unfortunately predominate. Of course, the buildings are much older than in America, and evidence of economy in building material and fuel, as well as the use of water, is evident everywhere. There are practically no electric signs. The numerous chimney tops remind one that in every room there is an open grate. Space in London is precious, and only in the very best homes can they afford to have the least surplus room. Taxes are high; one successful professional man said he paid \$175 for his license for his car this year. The clothing, hats and other apparel of the people on the street bear every evidence of economy and frugality. They do not complain about conditions, but face them cheerfully and hopefully. The churches seemed well attended. The services we found spiritual and full of life and certainty, and the preaching based on Bible truth, yet applied to modern times, conditions and sins. For the most part, we found a great love for America. In at least two of the Sunday services attended America was prayed for, and hope for "this great people" mentioned frequently. It is easy to see that eyes and hearts in London look toward America with hope and expectation.

## CHAPTER II

### SAILING FOR AFRICA

**A**FTER a day of beautiful weather our ship entered fog during the night. Speed was reduced, and several times the boat stopped altogether. Meanwhile the whistle was blown at regular intervals during the night as a warning to other ships. The day continued foggy. We got acquainted slowly with fellow passengers. The Plymouth Brethren had seven missionaries aboard going to several parts of Africa, particularly the Kenya Colony. There were a few Lutheran missionaries, one being from Chicago. There were business men, and others who seem to have no business at all, except to indulge and dissipate.

*September 15.* The weather was clear and cool. As we began to get acquainted with our ship family of 125 in tourist cabin and about eighty-five in first-class, we also began to find some congenial companions. There is something about a ship surrounded by an expanse of water that encourages good fellowship. Catholics and Protestants talked, played and ate together. Men who could not speak each other's language found some way of giving expres-

sion to their feelings. A Belgian gentleman shared the extra berth in our cabin. One day he brought an interpreter in the person of a Catholic priest to talk with us. We found he had lived in the Belgian Congo fifteen years prior to the war. Since then he had been in Belgium; he was returning to live with his son in the Congo. He said: "I knew I was with three good gentlemen, and I wanted to talk with you." We had felt quite the same about him, but he first did the thoughtful thing of getting an interpreter.

*September 16.* Sunday morning again, and the awakening message was the melody of an old German hymn. The sea was fine and calm. A goodly crowd attended the service where Bro. Brubaker led the singing in a spirited and helpful way and Bro. Helser had charge of the scripture reading and prayer. It was a simple service of forty-five minutes just like you might find in any Brethren church. After a restful day of reading, and fellowship at night on the prow of the boat, about fifteen of us sang hymns until late in the evening. It was one of those indescribable occasions that makes home, friends and God so near and helpful.

*September 17.* Every evidence that we were approaching the tropics came with the dawning of this day. Tropical clothing appeared and the swimming pools were popular. Quite a few of us met at ten

for an hour of Bible study and fellowship. This hour was helpfully led by a missionary of the Plymouth Brethren who had spent thirty-four years in Africa. As we were soon to reach the Canary Islands, it seemed everybody was writing to get letters off to friends around the world.

*September 18.* A lovely morning, meanwhile the mountains of the Canary Islands appeared on the horizon. Many were asking about postage and money—since there were on board five different nationalities. At least four languages were spoken, and each had his own money, more or less. But when the boat stopped and the traders came aboard, the passengers found these canny traders speaking all languages and selling English and Japanese goods to anybody and collecting all kinds of money. They know and use German marks, French francs and English shillings; yet they use the Spanish pesetas daily in the city. Every conceivable kind of lace, tapestry and embroidery was offered for sale and some was bought. The courteous yet shrewd dealings of these merchants was a study within itself.

The visit to Las Palmas enabled us to see a rather new and beautiful city of between one and two hundred thousand, with excellent streets, modern shops, good market and many good buildings. From the top of the cathedral we had a wonderful view of ocean, city and the surrounding banana plantations.

Apart from the business with passing tourists who stop, their chief business is the making of cigars and cigarettes.

*September 19.* It turned somewhat cooler during the night and the night and morning brought a rolling sea and a few cases of sickness. Fresh fruits and vegetables on the table reminded us that a supply was brought on board at the Canaries. It is no small task to provide food for many hundreds of people on board a ship, where neither garden nor market is available. One of our number asked for a bit of catsup, and the kindly table steward reminded us that such luxuries were served only in first-class. Though we did not have that relish, we did have plenty to eat, even though the menu grew a bit monotonous.

Our Bible study proved interesting and we felt the missionaries present were helped some for their work on the field. The day was filled with some planned reading, discussion and other preparation for the work before us. No one need be idle aboard a ship—though many were, and some were engaged in things unprofitable. Like life everywhere, one has to choose his place and work if he fulfills the opportunities that life brings.

*September 20.* The morning was fresh, which was deeply appreciated in tropical waters. Our morning Bible class was led by Bro. Brubaker, and



an hour of fellowship and instruction was enjoyed. The afternoon was given to a bit of entertainment for the children on board. The program consisted of music and a march around the deck, then a period of games followed by a simple meal of sweets and gifts to the children. How everybody enjoyed it! The whole world is made akin in the presence of children.

*September 21.* What a change the night brought in weather! It had become very hot and sticky. Everybody talked about the change as though he were unaware of others' suffering. But as the day advanced the stickiness disappeared, though the heat remained. At the morning lunch time the good hostess of our ship served ice cream. Even the fine lesson of our morning Bible study on self-sacrifice was almost forgotten as we emerged from the study period to find this taking place on the deck. We finished reading two very splendid books: One was a brief life of *Sadhu Sundar Singh*, that devout Christian of India who mysteriously disappeared on his visit to Thibet in 1929; the other, *God's Candlelights*, by Mabel Shaw.

*September 22.* The night was lovely for meditation. The moon was about full. A soft breeze came across the cooling sea, and with the reflection of the moonlight on the water, presented a scene which has inspired poets and artists through the

centuries. It was a fine time to think of home and native land; of God and the marvels of the heavens. In fact we were again impressed that the "heavens declare the glory of God" more to men on the sea, than anywhere else, since they present the only change from the watery expanse in every direction. Morning came with great heat and humidity. We had come to feel a bit isolated from the world's activity. There was a news sheet posted in German, with a poorly translated English edition the next day, but for ten days there had been no reference to the United States, as if such a place did not exist. But it was good for one's national pride to sit apart in this big and bustling world and see how little consideration he and his people get in a group like this. The day closed with a thunderstorm on the ocean. How quickly it came up, and how quickly it ended. In fifteen minutes it was all over.

## CHAPTER III

### FREETOWN AND THE GOLD COAST

**F**REETOWN was reached at nine o'clock instead of seven. It was a beautiful sight to see the palms and green hillsides surrounding the city. Those who know say it is the prettiest on the west coast. Here there is an abundance of rainfall, about 130 inches annually, and consequently a very great growth of flowers, shrubbery and tropical fruits. We went ashore and attended the most convenient church service, which happened to be that of the Wesleyan Methodists. It was an inspiration to see about 200 worshipers in their own church. We then called at the Mission House of the United Brethren in the city. Here we found some friends from America. Rev. Musselman met us at the door, and we were amazed to have him call us by name, since I had met him only once before, and that in America. He and his good wife are a splendid type of the Pennsylvania Dutch having come from Lancaster and Lebanon respectively. We spent a very happy hour with them.

A brief drive helped us to see the beautiful government buildings on the hill as well as the native

city. Everywhere there was much evidence that a hundred years of missions have changed the face of this goodly land. We were glad for this brief view and study of an advanced work. We returned to the boat for a quiet evening and to close with a splendid service which was mostly the singing of hymns and scripture reading and prayer, led by Bro. Brubaker.

*September 24.* This was a rainy day. But it afforded us an opportunity to explain to some of our good friends the position and history of our own church. It was interesting to find how little we do know about what others are trying to do in the name of Christianity. It might be fine for all of us to sit down and tell each other what we believe and why, and what we are aiming to do in the world. At least we would be better informed, if not more sympathetic and appreciative.

*September 25.* The morning brought a slightly more boisterous sea. A few yielded to seasickness, but most of our passengers reported for meals. Our photographer was reported as ill from overwork. We were impressed with the tension under which all of the crew worked on this crowded ship, with two sittings at the table and other extra duties resulting therefrom. Off the coast of French Guinea, it all reminded me of the time when as a boy we asked too many questions and sometimes got the reply, "Go to Guinea." So now we were there, with the

promise of a landing at its port of Grand Bassam.

*September 26.* This date reminded us that one month had passed since we left Elgin. It seemed a long time indeed since that starting day, but there were many more ahead we knew we had to fill with activity and service or somebody would get homesick. In the boisterous billows of Grand Bassam, dishes slid from the table and kettles from the stove. After leaving about sixteen of our passengers and some of our cargo we were glad to leave port at noon. As we left the shore the waters quieted and the day cleared for a lovely afternoon on the sea. At 10 P. M. the ship pulled into the harbor of Takoradi on the Gold Coast, and we retired for the night.

*September 27.* Rising early we found ourselves beside one of the best quays on the west coast. Our boat was depositing carloads of cement, potatoes, corned beef, automobiles and flour. After breakfast we went ashore and mailed letters, visited the native markets and walked over some good English roads and returned to the boat for lunch. We were impressed with the progress in the last thirty years of this west coast of Africa.

The Gold Coast produces much of the world's cocoa, and this is one of its most important exports. America alone, among the world's nations, has kept up an increasing consumption of cocoa through the depression. I have just read, too, of the rapid im-

provement of education on the Gold Coast, back of which of course was and still is the ever present hard-working missionary. Even now four-fifths of the schools are under mission management. How one finds it impossible to measure the influence of missions! You see their imprint across the world economically, socially, educationally and religiously.

*September 28.* This day was spent in the harbor at Accra, a city of 60,000 and the capital of the Gold Coast. It is the center of the great cocoa industry in this British colony. It was interesting to watch the black men handle the flour, cement, canned goods and other material being unloaded from our ship. These men were adapted in dress and disposition to this difficult task. The sea was ever heaving their boats up and down from five to ten feet, so if a box went overboard, they dived after it. We were informed that among them were many Christians. They seemed well nourished and their faces indicated culture and intelligence. The afternoon tea arranged by our Plymouth Brethren missionary friends was a surprise and a delightful hour. About fifteen of us who had spent an hour daily in Bible study and mission discussion were invited to one table in the dining room. Sipping tea and sharing sweets and tropical fruits, there was also testimony of Christian fellowship and friendliness in a common cause. The evening was spent in commun-

ity singing. Again we found in music a common bond of interest, for music and art sound a universal language which is understood by all.

*September 29.* This was our last day on the good ship *Wangoni*. The voyage had been pleasant, and the passengers aboard rather above the average. We approached the pier in Lagos at 3 P. M. As the boat moved near the shore there was presented a great sight, good English homes along the water's edge, among which was the splendid palace of the governor of Nigeria.

After customs inspection we found ourselves in the home of the bishop of Lagos. This good man and his wife have been in Nigeria for forty-one years and are both active, though up in the seventies. The bishop's hospitality is well known to many of our people and to others who go through Lagos to mission work up country. When we arrived there were ten missionaries—Dutch Reformed workers—leaving his good home to take our places on the boat, going to South Africa. To spend an evening in the home of Bishop Melville-Jones and his wife proved a rare treat.

*September 30.* As guests of the bishop we went to the morning service near by. We were pleased to see about 300 well-dressed and cultured black people of the city present. After the service we met an African gentleman, a Mr. Thomas, who is the pro-

prietor of several stores in Lagos. This man has been quite successful in the past, but admitted that times now were very difficult. He is a friend of Bro. Helser and has contributed to the work. After lunch and an hour of rest in the good home of our host, he took us in his faithful car to visit the grave of our late Dr. Russell Robertson who is buried in the beautiful cemetery in the city. The grave is well kept and a number of photographs were taken by our party. From here we walked to the governor's palace to register and respond to an invitation to tea in the hospitable home of the director of medical work in all Nigeria, Dr. W. B. Johnson.



## CHAPTER IV

### BY TRAIN AND TRUCK TO BURALAND

UP early for a good breakfast, we hurried to get ready to leave on the train for Jos at 10:40. Letters had to be mailed, purchases made, checks cashed and baggage transferred to the station. A very heavy downpour of rain made this difficult. But the good bishop with his faithful Ford insisted on helping us out. In good time we were all safely aboard the train and on the way to Gar-kida, more than 1,000 miles inland. Along the way we passed through the city of Ibadan, which is the second largest city in all of Africa. Only Cairo exceeds it in population. But it is a native city, and is therefore little known to the outside world.

*October 2.* This day was spent on the train to Jos. It had rained during the night and more showers came during the day. Oranges were for sale along the way, also bananas and other fruit. We bought a basket of oranges, about ninety-three oranges, for six pence, or twelve cents in our money. And that included the basket! The crime of our modern economic life is that the grower scarcely gets his share for the food he produces. The day

closed with a shower, followed by cooler weather. We met Bishop Smith of the Church of England and a few missionaries from the U. S. A. For four meals I sat at a table on the train opposite a lady who could speak only French. It is most embarrassing when there is no language for a common expression of good manners, though conduct usually assures one of character, or the lack of it, in spite of language difficulties. The lady showed herself a lady of character and we trust her table companion gave no impression otherwise to her.

*October 3.* This proved a fine morning, and much cooler. We realized we were rising in altitude. The air, the outlook and the absence of trees indicated this. Arriving at Jos, the good people of the Sudan Interior Mission House were there to meet us. What a splendid spirit of fellowship is manifest among Christian missions almost everywhere! We were soon eating a good breakfast in the Mission House presided over by Miss Robinson. After breakfast we were shown rooms and were soon busy planning for the trip toward Garkida. There was writing to do, buying, and traveling paraphernalia to get in the way of beds, food, water and other necessities for travel in a land without stores, hotels, or houses after the manner of the west.

*October 4.* Everybody was up early for the 300 mile trip toward our Africa mission field. The

cost, because of a man friendly to the mission, was thirty dollars for the trip, or half price. But how were we to get all the baggage, beds, food and folks on one truck? If you could have seen the pile of stuff, you would have felt with us that it was impossible. But after an hour of packing, adjusting, squeezing the baggage and stretching the truck, we were all safely in and on the way.

The road was good for Africa. Our first stop was at the government school at Torro, about twenty miles from Jos. Here forty-five young Africans are in training for teachers; among the rest, two boys from our own mission. We were glad to learn from the supervisor that these boys have made a good record. The course is four years long. It was a pleasure to see the emphasis on simple and indigenous methods, and for this reason these boys will naturally find their way back to native villages for teaching and leadership. Proceeding until the noon hour, we took lunch by the wayside, and then drove on to a government rest house for the night's rest.

*October 5.* After a good breakfast under spreading trees, we were on our way to Damaturu. We arrived at 1:15 o'clock, quite hungry, and found Bro. Heckman waiting. We soon had a lunch and the mission truck fully loaded with less than half of what we had on our larger truck. We were on the way to Marama by three o'clock. What we

could not get in our truck was put onto the heads of twenty-five natives. We arrived at the good home of the Heckmans a little after eight o'clock, expecting the carriers on the following Tuesday. What a joy after six weeks of travel and anticipation to arrive at our destination and find ourselves with those of kindred interests and fellowship! The good supper that was quickly prepared was enjoyed only second to the feast of fellowship. Only one aching memory disturbed this—that of concern for the loved ones at home.

*October 6.* Here we were at the new station of Marama, which did not exist six years ago when Bro. Emmert and the writer visited this field. One was amazed at what had been created in this time! They have two dwellings, a dispensary almost completed, and a school building of permanent character. They also have several buildings used for school purposes, one of which is also the chapel, built of mud. There was in process of erection an industrial and store building 60x28 feet. This trip permitted us to see Africa at the close of the wet season, and what an array of beautiful flowers all around the compound, as well as vegetables in the garden and tropical fruits in the young and growing orchard! With further development Africa may easily become the southern California of the world. This does not mean, however, that it is that way

now; neither does it mean that we should impose modern machinery and methods on this kindly people. This would make them the slaves of the white race. They must be given time to grow in their own way, so that they may have a consciousness of the toil and responsibility necessary in building a civilization.

*October 7.* We were not surprised that our mission was anxious for this location ever since it has been in Africa. We spoke at the Sunday morning service—and how we longed to speak in a known tongue! Our little message was trusted to Sister Heckman as interpreter. She had to iron out the blunders and make it mean something. What a joy it was to look into the splendid faces of these black people! How orderly and reverent they were! And how they sang! About 225 or more were present. The afternoon was given to long and interesting discussions on mission methods and problems, since we could not go to the services in the village seven miles away on account of a heavy thunderstorm and rain. The evening preaching was done by Bro. Helser in the native tongue.

*October 8.* After the rain of yesterday, we discovered why the government refuses travel on the roads with a car within twelve hours after rain has fallen in the rainy season. The ground here has the stickiness of good Iowa soil, but the color of the best

limestone soil of the valley of Virginia. Vegetation would indicate its possibilities and fertility when humus is restored. The morning was spent in writing notes and letters and the afternoon in visiting the school, industrial classes and other activities.

It proved an interesting sight to see fifty boys making cotton thread out of the raw cotton by their simple hand method, and to watch it slowly go into cotton cloth on handmade looms, all these looms being made by the school boys. After the Bible hour at four o'clock in the school they gave a demonstration of music and physical exercise that was as interesting as it was simple. It showed the great gift of the African for rhythm. One marveled at the spirit of music, good humor and co-operation that was shown by these people. The afternoon brought another good rain, and it was wonderful to see the beauty of vegetation and floral coloring wherever the missionary has brought his seeds and plants to give "beauty for ashes," and to change the drab and drudgery of life to one of plenty and hope!

## CHAPTER V

### ON OUR AFRICA MISSION FIELD

THREE busy days spent with the members of the Field Committee and others were Oct. 9-11. Among the problems that constantly came to the front were such as: What is the wise use of foreign money on the mission field? How much can we use and advocate western methods in building a church? It is easier to do as we are accustomed to, but this requires an increasing amount of foreign money and postpones the day of a self-supporting and self-propagating church. There are abundant reasons for sympathy and prayer for light on such perplexing problems.

*October 12.* We were up early to help the committee members get off to their various stations. The writer went with Nurse Utz to see one of her patients twelve miles away. Again we were impressed with the wonderful outlook from this plateau. It is indeed a fine location for a station. We saw the patient, who was a Mohammedan man in middle age and very ill indeed. He lives in a village from which many boys come to the Marama school. We did not return until noon. In the afternoon some photo-

graphs were taken of the work around the station; then we walked to the surrounding villages, where the Heckmans are well known. We called at eight or ten compounds. What a kindly people these black folks were! How we wished we might speak a word to them, but we could only touch their beards and smile. To see their hospitality, joy and gladness in their straw and mud huts one could but wonder if happiness increases with the responsibilities of civilization! But of course we would not and could not go back to this primitive life. Neither do they want to remain ever thus.

*October 13.* We were glad to know that there were at least nine asking for baptism. The morning was spent discussing the many things necessary to make one a proper candidate for baptism in a land like this. Here again one can never be too sure of what is best. We believe, however, that here as well as at home, it is easy to postpone this rite unduly. More depends upon the teaching before, and especially afterward, than anything else. We have an increasing feeling that we should follow baptism with sympathetic, definite teaching. Indeed, all worship should lead helpfully in this direction. The afternoon was used in a visit to one of the outstations in the village of Ngwa to see a school in action. A promising young African was in charge. On arrival we found the school adjourned and all gone to



the farms to help fight locusts. Even on the way out, we passed through great clouds of these devastating pests. They can be seen on the horizon as great brown clouds. If they can be kept moving there is no harm done; if they alight, crops are soon ruined.

Returning we called out of courtesy on the district chief. He is a nominal Mohammedan, and responsible to the Nigerian government for 40,000 people. He collects taxes, adjusts differences, keeps up roads and maintains order in general. He has eleven wives—which is just seven more than any good Mohammedan is allowed! But he seemed a most kindly gentleman, very much interested in and helpful to the Marama mission station. He has a very large compound with many houses, among which one might easily get lost. The houses are simple mud ones with straw roofs, like those of most of his fellow citizens, except that they are somewhat larger and much cleaner than many. His hospitality will long be remembered because of its simplicity and evident sincerity.

*October 14.* A beautiful Sunday morning. At 8: 30 o'clock we assembled for baptism in a stream near the compound. Here Bro. Heckman most impressively administered baptism to five, two being a young man and wife—the first man and wife to be baptized together in the Africa mission. Five

others were expected, but since most every one was out chasing locusts, these five young men were forced by the exigencies of the occasion to share in this task. In fact, locusts were most numerous over our heads during the service. We repaired to the chapel where I attempted to talk, with Sister Heckman as interpreter. The evening service was addressed by one of the older native Christians. He seemed to have the strict attention of the audience. One can not risk judgment as to the merits of the address, or its final effect on the hearers, but one did feel encouraged to see native leaders admonishing each other in the things of the gospel of Christ.

*October 15.* The afternoon of this busy Monday was given to a more careful and leisurely inspection of the work in the schools at Marama station. We appreciated the hard work reflected in the several new books that have been written and printed since our last visit. There were 160 enrolled and a few less in attendance. The worship period following the day's session was impressive. The writer shall never forget the enthusiasm and rhythm of their singing. Following this, the boys organized several games for our benefit. Perhaps nowhere else, as in a well-directed game, is character so truly displayed and co-operation so evidently fostered. The British district officer was in the neighborhood and

the Heckmans had invited him to dinner for the evening. We were glad for this hour of fellowship with a government officer. He is appreciative of missions and quite ready to help the mission wherever possible. Like all Britons, he is interested in the progress of America and what is happening there.

*October 16.* By arrangement we were up before five A. M. to start on a twelve mile horseback ride to Birni, another outstation where two young men, one a teacher and the other a dispenser, are working. The village chief called to pay his respects and showed interest in what was taking place. The school and the dispensary both gave evidence of careful work and progress.

Perhaps some might imagine that a twenty-four-mile ride in a tropical sun is a gala occasion. But if we should describe the road through mud, high grass, cornfields, over turbulent streams and other impossible places for any horse unaccustomed to it, one could quite understand why a bath on return was a necessity and a night's sleep more than welcome—to say nothing of removing ticks and other vermin which sometimes discover a white man's tender skin.

*October 17.* Up for a busy and typical day at a mission station. After breakfast we inspected the work of a cotton gin operated by hand and were

amazed by its splendid work. Then it was reported that the mail had come! Hurrah, letters from home at last, just seven weeks and two days after leaving loved ones! But we must not complain for Columbus had worse luck than that! Anyhow the letters were most welcome and were devoured with thanksgiving that all were well.

Our Africa district chief came to pay his respects. A dozen horsemen and more footmen, with flags, banners and every array of his royal position were evident. Bro. Brubaker made a moving picture of this unusual scene which we hope many may see sometime. After lunch we proceeded to pay our respects to a neary-by village chief and his seven wives. Following this salutation, we went under his leadership to visit an unusual canyon and waterfall about four miles from Marama. If such a magnificent work of nature were in the States, it would soon be made a source of income and public attention. But here it is unknown, even to many near by. We shall always remember the terrific climb to get away from the canyon, as well as the horseback ride home to avoid approaching rain. To the participants this was equal to Sheridan's ride, even if it was less important and its thrill unexpressed in poetry. The evening was spent getting some final facts about the station for records as to property, personnel, progress and outlook.

*October 18.* According to custom in Buraland, it is quite the proper, if not the necessary thing, to greet the chief of your village, or rather salute him as the Buras say. One grows a bit tired of overmuch courtesy, as it is monotonous, and when one can not talk and is likely to err in motions that may leave the wrong impression, one can not get enthusiastic about ceremony; but the world over, one must do a lot of things, simply because they have been done before. So we went to Biu, twelve miles away and saluted the big chief of the Biu division. This man is responsible to the government for roads, taxes and other interests for about 85,000 people. He is a large, kindly Mohammedan—though like some Christians his religion is of a mild type. He gets a rather large salary, yet his style of house and manner of life are much like the people he serves. From Biu we went to see Lake Tila. Here is a remarkable body of water that lies in the crater of an extinct volcano. It is a beauty spot, though the water is inhabited by many crocodiles. These are revered by the natives and to shoot one would ban us from the country.

Soon we were back for lunch and making plans for the services of the evening. A baptism was to take place at four P. M., followed by the love feast at six. Eight were baptized, all boys and men, making thirteen since we were here. The love feast

will long be remembered, especially by those of our group who never had such a privilege. It gave one a real thrill to eat native food and wash the feet of a black man hungry to find the spirit of Christ. Then, too, the silence and reverence, the sincerity, the prayers, the singing, all give one a bit of rebuke for certain misgivings that enter all our minds about mankind being hungry for God.

*October 19.* After two weeks at Marama, we started for Garkida. Again we were impressed with the value of this station, so beautifully located on a plateau in a populous community of about 40,000 Bura people. Marama is twelve miles from the government headquarters on a good road. The best spirit of co-operation and appreciation exists between the mission and the government.

Arriving at Garkida we found that the African teacher had arranged 250 of the schoolboys and girls on either side of the road. This was planned by the school without suggestion from any missionary, which only says in other words, that a native church is more than glad to see representatives from the home church. This was further emphasized when Bro. Beahm informed us that a delegation was coming to the house as soon as we could wash and clean up a bit. As we listened to talks and prayers by the native Christians, who were sent by the native church to extend their welcome, we were im-

pressed that if the home church could feel and see what we had, they would rejoice in every sacrifice made to maintain the work. The experience was more apostolic and inspiring than anything we have recently seen.

The afternoon was spent at the home of the Beahms, where several hours of good fellowship were enjoyed getting acquainted with their work and telling about the many things of mutual interest in the homeland. The evening prayer meeting will long be remembered because of the splendid attendance of over 200 in a new church erected by native hands, and at their own expense. This church is one of the many evidences of progress since six years ago.

*October 20.* After breakfast with Sister Harper we accompanied Dr. Burke to the leper colony for our first tour of inspection. About 400 lepers are receiving modern medical help, plus the Christian teaching and kindness that is quite as necessary as the medicine. What a sight to watch hundreds of toeless and fingerless victims of one of the world's oldest and most loathsome diseases! Yet there was much cheer in these lepers' faces, because they were in the midst of the only hope they know. The government has given the land for the colony, plus money to erect hundreds of mud and straw huts. The Leprosy Associations of Britain and America

furnish medicine and other helps and comforts. The work in the colony consists of the segregating of cases, giving comfort to those who may be homeless; removing children from leprous parents, if they permit it at all; giving medical care and treatment to all cases; providing farms, schools, church and various classes in religious teaching; and of maintaining and giving every kindness and care so far as personnel and means permit. One can only be deeply moved as he looks upon all ages and conditions of people who thus suffer, and thank God that so much can be and is being done for their help and healing.

We then visited the mission gardens along the river. Here almost every conceivable vegetable and tropical fruit was found growing. The soil is a rich river loam and is watered by a system of wells in the dry season. This garden means health and good food for the missionaries and work for the natives. It also means that any pity upon the part of the home folks that missionaries do not get enough to eat is wasted sympathy. On the other hand it does not mean that missionaries do not have serious problems to confront and many sacrifices to make, if they do their duty; but these experiences are in entirely different areas from the matter of food and a place to live.

*October 21.* This was a beautiful Sunday morning in Buraland. After breakfast with the Beahms



we went with Sister Harper to a village near by and called on many of our Christian friends. What a joy to find that a few talk English, for visiting without some means of communication is most difficult. Yet to see increasing cleanliness and sanitary improvements in their homes, as well as increased joy and hope in their faces, was enough to reward us. With Bro. Beahm the writer attempted to talk to the fourteen boys and men who were going to the villages for services during the day. We asked for a show of hands of those who were here six years ago, and all responded. This shows permanence in the line of workers among whom we would expect some backsliding. Later in the morning Bro. Brubaker gave a good sermon on the cross, which was appreciated by the probable 300 present. The next service was at three in the afternoon at the leper colony. This was followed by visiting among the villages on the way from the leper colony to the mission compound. The day closed with a service in prayer and song at Miss Harper's led by Bro. Miller.

*October 22.* The day was planned to visit the schools. We found an attendance of 273. The elementary school is planned on a four-year basis, but the course often takes more years to complete. Reading, writing, arithmetic, hygiene and Bible are the basic studies in this school. There are a few who

take further work in preparation for teaching and a few students are trained for teachers according to government standards and at government expense. The work seemed well in hand, the attention very good, the grading carefully done, order observed and the schedule well balanced. The daily program closed with a chapel service at 3:30 at which time Bro. Miller talked to the school in a most helpful way. To see nearly 300 black boys and girls at their tasks learning to think, to work and to live the more abundant life was an inspiration. Their work was not so much advanced, neither should it be; but to see the growing orderliness, increasing character as displayed in physical exercise, self-control on the playground, willingness to share faith in Christian service, would be sufficient reward to the many who have put into this work a wealth of labor and love through the years.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE NIGERIANS AT HOME

**M**ARKET day in Garkida comes on Tuesdays and Saturdays. But before we went we made an inspection of the hospital erected to the memory of Ruth Royer Kulp, the first of our workers to give her life on the Africa mission field. The hospital consists of one permanent building of stone and concrete, well equipped; two large mud and straw buildings, equipped for rooms for patients, with dispensary; and many other similar smaller buildings.

At the market we found about 1,000 people buying or selling corn, beef, fish and dozens of native articles from rouge to earthen pots. There were many smells and many sights. Concerning an article of food, one of our party said: "How can they eat that stuff?" Bro. Beahm replied, "It is still not as bad as some things we eat." So it is only a matter of taste after all, and each can have his choice.

One of the native Christians was using the opportunity to preach to the crowd, though attention seemed more on the activities of the market than on

the message of life. How human nature is alike across the world! In the afternoon Bro. Brubaker addressed the school on China, and the progress of missions there, which was apparently much appreciated. We then visited the girls' dormitory, where about fifty girls live and attend school. To see them singing at their grinding was quite interesting. But with the habits of centuries where girls have been used as the tools of men and the burden bearers of society, what a task it is to surround such a group with the wisest guidance and protection for the womanhood that must some day come! But progress is being made.

*October 24.* This was letter writing day. The next day the mailman must start on foot to the post office a hundred miles away. We were unaware of news in this country, for mail facilities have not reached that state of advance. Even so, we were spared the imposition of advertisers and the tragedies always found in the lower strata of society. So again there are compensations for every discomfort and inconvenience. But the very life we live demands that we go forward at any cost for every enemy of life and the kingdom must be put under the feet of the King.

*October 25-26.* These two days were spent in a close-up study of the mission station and its work. A new house was being erected and the foundation

was about complete. The many endless duties of repairs, conferences, classes with women, schools, eye clinic at leper colony, emergency cases at the hospital, photographing important items of interest for the home church, prayer meetings and other items come up for consideration. It was not difficult to see that Bro. Beahm, as elder of the church, superintendent of the schools and treasurer of the mission, has his hands more than full. Clara Harper is reaching the women in a very splendid way and if a man were available to do corresponding evangelistic work with the homes in general and men in particular it would only begin to meet an urgent need. This will be partly met by the coming of Brother and Sister Bittinger later in the year. Dr. Burke has a task in dividing his time between the leper colony and the hospital, which are two miles apart; but with the good help of several African assistants this work is well cared for.

*October 27.* This day we met with the native Christian group. We wanted them to share their reaction to the work. Of course, most of this had to be done through an interpreter. After a talk on the purposes of Christianity, the place of a Christian family, and their responsibility, we invited any questions that they cared to ask. They responded most heartily and helpfully. This was one of the most helpful periods in our experience here. Two

and a half hours soon passed in this conference. At least a half dozen questions concerned polygamy and its various complexities as related to those who might be accepted into the church. If you doubt the importance of this problem as giving many perplexing irritations in the creation of Christian homes and a church in Buraland, you should have been in this conference. But these native Christians move carefully; they seem inclined to sin on the side of justice rather than mercy, which may be necessary in these beginning days.

Relations to Mohammedanism, the need of more teachers, the hunger for increased medical help and other items demanded attention. We had to adjourn leaving many for another meeting. The hope and thrill to us was the fact that native Christians are facing these things bravely, with discrimination and desire to make the church Christian and clean. It would have warmed the hearts of elders and pastors at home to see the interest and zeal of these native Christians as they sought to find the way to build a real Christian church. The afternoon was given to preparing applicants for baptism on the morrow, and the evening to arranging the place for its administration.

*October 28.* This was another busy Sunday, which all Sundays are at a mission station. We assembled for baptism at 8 A. M., at the riverside.

Six applicants, two men and four women, were baptized by Bro. Beahm in an impressive ceremony. There were about thirty who wanted to be baptized, but marriage difficulties and the lack of teaching prohibited these from being received at this time. After the baptism Bro. Brubaker addressed the group of native workers who were to go to the various villages, while the writer prepared to speak at the morning service on the loyalty of Christ to his disciples. A large attendance was present notwithstanding the extremely hot day.

In the afternoon I was asked to speak in English to the missionaries and a dozen or more natives who understand some English. This was at least much easier for the speaker. Following this service we met a group of people coming, many in handcuffs, with much excitement of conversation. We soon found that quite a few of the citizens of the leper colony had gone away without permission on Saturday night to attend a community jamboree. This difficulty will have to be faced on Monday in a court or palaver with Dr. Burke in charge. Difficulties like this happen daily either between groups, individuals or in the domestic circles. One sometimes wonders how a missionary has time to do anything else.

*October 29.* Bro. Beahm had arranged for a group of the native craftsmen to do a day's work under the big tree at the schoolhouse. This was to

have the double purpose of teaching the young Bura student in school something of the skill of their fathers and an appreciation of their crafts, as well as giving the deputation a brief summary of how Africans operate and maintain their own industries and make a living thereby. The exhibit consisted of woodworking, cotton spinning, rope making, blacksmithing, gourd decoration, the making of cloth and garments, brass moulding and pottery. One was amazed at both the skill of the African and the simple tools with which he works. The tools are all indigenous and handmade. The toes of both feet are as useful in most of the processes as the fingers of the hands. The economy of fuel in the heating of irons is an art in itself, and a rebuke to the waste of the west. The handmade bellows that permits an efficient blacksmith forge under any tree, where there is a stone, is both novel and effective. Perhaps the greatest artistic skill in the eyes of a westerner is method and beauty in moulding brass and burning gourds. The pattern used in brass making is made of rubber obtained from the native rubber tree. It is first made into some beautiful form of native jewelry; then it is enclosed in a mud form, at the top of which is a collection of brass, frequently exploded shells. In the process of heating the rubber is destroyed and the brass melted, which takes the place of the rubber form with all of its



delicate impressions and beautiful markings. The gourds are burned with hot irons, three in number, each of which is used in turn while the others heat. Without any visible pattern or guide for the hand, the most beautiful decorations are slowly executed. It is quite evident that the age of machinery in the west has lost to us some of the skill of handcrafts so common here, but which is passing too, for the schoolboys were almost as much surprised at the beauty and skill of some of the work as we ourselves. One wonders too, since the west has invented machinery more rapidly than it seems to be controlled, as to how fast it should be urged upon those who have such splendid skill in hand-work.

*October 30.* Up at 5:00 A. M. promptly to climb Mount Garkida, a half mile from the mission compound. After three-fourths of an hour we reached the summit to see the morning sun greet us from the east. What a sight it was! There lay the mission compound at our feet, like an oasis in a desert of superstition and heart hunger. We could see the many villages in which there is active work by the mission, also the Hawal River, like a silver thread through the valley. After a lunch we had a scripture lesson and prayer. It was a meditation on the transfiguration of our Lord on the mount. Then we returned to the day's work and toil in the valley be-

low. A few minutes were spent at the market again. Then we went to the compound to receive the offering of a goat from one who was a former Christian church member, but on account of his two wives is no longer a member, but would like to return.

The afternoon was spent at the leper colony and arranging for a meeting with the mission. We talked over such things as we believe would be for the best interests of the work. But every one was so loaded with responsibility that one hesitated to even speak of the things we hoped to see improved; yet missionaries are always glad for the things that others may see that will help the work. How to maintain a strong spirit of evangelism in all the work, the wisest placing of missionaries, the kind and management of schools, proper administration, and many other things were faced frankly, and we trust helpfully.

## CHAPTER VII

### STATIONS TO VISIT AND RIVERS TO CROSS

WE were off toward Marama forty miles away for the day. We stopped at an important outstation at Kwajafa on the way, visiting the school and dispensary. Both were in charge of native Christians. This seems to be a promising location, and while those in charge seemed young, they appeared to be doing good work. Arriving at Marama at noon we went into a conference in the afternoon and gave thought to some vexing problems. We felt progress was made.

*November 1.* We were up early, completing the return trip to Garkida in a few minutes less than two hours. Arriving at Garkida, we were first given our mail from home, and what a time mail day is on a mission field! But even mail had to be laid aside to face deputation duties. After a few hours of this, we turned to reading our mail. Our minds were then back in America, and we rejoiced that there was no especially bad news and loved ones were reported as well. Plans were made for the trip to Lassa, and after investigation by Dr. Burke it was

decided that we try to go by car, rather than horseback. To use horses would require a three or four days' ride under a tropical sun.

*November 2.* At five A. M. we started for Lassa. No American would believe just what is necessary to go a distance of 112 miles in the bush when one is not sure whether he will get there in one, or in three days. There were gasoline, repair kit, water, food, beds, baggage and all the rest. At last at 6: 15 o'clock we were on the way. Dr. Burke was chauffeur, with the three members of the deputation and a few assistants for emergencies. Ropes, chains, pick and shovel were all with us and needed to be used frequently. The first fifty miles were encouraging and we felt certain we would reach Lassa in a day, but later we changed our minds. About 10 o'clock we encountered our first difficulty. The Ford landed in a mudhole. Dr. Burke inspected the car, up to his knees in mud and water. After a long time help came, but we were facing a river that meant at least the removing of shoes and hose if we intended to keep dry. But we soon found that we could only get across if trousers also were removed; so we decided temporarily to adopt the style of the country. The car, with the help of about 150 citizens who had gathered to see the white man's method of travel, was also soon across. The trailer was picked up and put on the heads of as many as could get under it

and carried over with its load. After this experience, we passed a government rest house. We stopped to see the English district officer and announced our presence in the country. His pity for us expressed itself in a generous supply of good English tea. After a pleasant chat we were on the way.

It is useless to go into details, except to say that the above experience was repeated many times in crossing rivers, with enough other experiences to give variety. Bro. Brubaker's baggage was submerged in one crossing and he placed his well laundered wardrobe on the bushes to dry. Typewriters and photographic equipment met the same fate, but we trust, like clothes, they will come out all right. We were glad that cameras were all inconvenient or else there might have been some photographs that would not have looked well on the front page of the *Messenger*. We finally reached a government rest house but were still twelve miles from Lassa.

The African chief in the village where we stayed over night was a great friend of the mission at Lassa, and he soon had a large supply of eggs and chickens for our evening meal; but sleep was more urgent than a chicken dinner, so we had a feast of scrambled eggs and tea and fell asleep on our cots for a good night's rest. We slept under the stars of a beautiful night, grateful for the mercies of a kindly Father through another day's experiences.

*November 3.* Out early to go the last twelve miles to Lassa for breakfast. At 5: 40 o'clock we were off, only to get submerged in a mudhole within half a mile. After this, all was well until we were within three miles of Lassa. Here we abandoned the car and went the rest of the way on foot and horseback. We crossed the river once again on horses, with only wet feet to show for the experience. We reached the mission compound at 8: 30 and in time for a good breakfast. This was followed by a much needed bath and change of clothing.

One was deeply impressed with the changes at this station since the visit of six years ago. The new and much larger hospital, erected by the help and to the memory of Brother and Sister Bashore of California, was surrounded by many patients and attendants as we came in. Brother and Sister Kulp hospitably provided for our needs. The many folks along the way indicated that the mission station is well and favorably known and evidently reaching the people of this river valley, which because of its fertility is likely to attract increasingly the people from the surrounding hills and mountains. The day was a beautiful one and the rest of its hours were spent in getting acquainted and catching up with writing.

*November 4.* This proved a beautiful Sunday morning. The winds indicated that the rainy sea-

son was past for this year. After morning prayers we assembled first with a group of twenty-five who were to visit some villages during the day. Then Bro. Brubaker talked to us helpfully in the morning worship. After this, twelve clean, serious-minded fellows were baptized in the stream near by. The weather, water and habits of a tropical country like this make a baptism additionally impressive. After lunch Bro. Brubaker and the writer accompanied Bro. Kulp to a village about four miles distant. Here was a group of about forty folks who required tact and patience to get organized for any kind of a worship period; but with a sense of spiritual values the missionary soon had a hearty response to the words of life. Previously arranged worship services would scarcely fit into any situation that is met in an African village. The ladies attended the evening services while the men cared for the "bairns" and discussed problems in missionary policy and work.

*November 5.* This was the day we visited the hospital. What a lot of human suffering one sees in the dozens of folks who come to the hospital for relief! Here was a lady who came for a wooden leg to replace the one amputated. This the doctor had to make. Here were ulcers, blind eyes and all kinds of suffering to face. What a lot of skill and patience a good missionary must have! Yet how well most of them succeed through a sympathetic

understanding of the needs of a hungry people! What a joy, too, the donors of hospitals like this would have if they could see the many who come for hope and health and go away with both! The rest of the day was spent at the village market near by, and in further tours of inspection about the gardens, shops, storehouses.

*November 6.* This was election day in America, but in Africa it was Bro. Brubaker's birthday! A special cake greeted him at the breakfast table. So he found himself celebrating his birthday in Africa several hours before the day had arrived in California, where wait his good wife and children. This was the day to visit the schools too. One is impressed with the importance of this work of unity in a land where there are thousands of tribes and hundreds of languages. There can be no real brotherhood until men can work together. About 160 were enrolled, and thirty of these were girls and women. When properly related to the Christian purpose and the life of the people, there is no more important task than that of the school in the early days of a mission. Another item of interest to your observers was the inspection for reasonable cleanliness on the part of the African teacher. If hands or other parts of the body seemed not duly cared for, pupils were sent to the near-by stream for further cleansing before they could enter the schoolroom.



*November 7.* It was Wednesday, the day of rest among the Margi people. However, by action of the chiefs in the villages around Lassa, they have changed it to our Sunday, so that the Christians may attend church. Such is one of the many unexpected effects of the gospel. But in the villages farther away this is not true. So Brethren Kulp and Brubaker rode horseback nine miles away to speak to the villagers and make such other Christian contacts as may help.

While they were away others were busy around the mission compound. The writer tried, with Dr. Burke as interpreter, to speak to Bro. Kulp's class of Christians on the importance of the communion. The evening was the time for a regular weekly prayer meeting which was attended by a goodly group and addressed by Bro. Miller, after a native from each of two tribes tried to express their deeper feelings as to their appreciation of the gospel and the mission.

*November 8.* This day we had to get all mail ready. Some of us gave time to this, while Bro. Brubaker, whose mechanical skill and readiness to help has blessed us in a lot of situations, accidents and emergencies, went to help get the Ford in shape for a trip to an important outstation.

About 4: 30 o'clock in the afternoon a man came carrying a little baby boy in a gourd. The mother

had died. Nurse Evelyn Horn was just trying to make plans to attend the mission meeting the following week, by taking the smaller baby in the nursery and leaving the older ones with native care; and then there came this one. Well, like a good missionary, she smiled and gave him a good bath, saying, "I've got another to take along, or I must stay home."

*November 9.* What a necessity for a rural background and consciousness in the average mission station! Most of the people on mission fields get their living out of the soil. Perhaps the heart of our economic perplexities in the west is the fact that too large a proportion of our citizens have forgotten that the fundamental necessities of life and industry originate in the soil and air. Anyhow this morning, members of the deputation were talking about pruning orange trees, mulching the soil to retain moisture, the proper care of hogs in a tropical climate, the management of farm machinery and more problems too numerous to mention. Not only were they talking, but doing what they could to encourage experimentation. Even Bro. Miller forgot his fifty years and more in merchandising, for his youth on the farm asserted itself in the experiences of the day. Overalls and pruning shears gave our junior member a familiar appearance among the thorns of the unbudded orange.

In the afternoon we drove six miles to Dille, which was the first location of a station in the Margi area. It is now operated as an outstation and gives great promise. About seventy people gathered on a busy afternoon under a most wonderful tree. Here an interesting service was held. Each member of the deputation said a few words through Bro. Kulp as interpreter, and then he spoke. A cup of tea and a few songs under the shade of this glorious temple of God, and then we returned to Lassa. In the evening a station meeting was held in which the intimate and difficult problems of the work were discussed.

*November 10.* This was Saturday and a day for a lot of chores before returning to Garkida. Some photographs were taken, more pruning lessons given, conferences held, and visiting done. The evening communion service was in the church house more than half a mile from the mission compound. This church house was built by the native church and community and is a credit to them. It is of mud, with a straw roof. It will seat 200 people and is a decided improvement over the earlier efforts at village churches. Thirty-four communed. A large group of spectators seemed deeply impressed. Inquiries would indicate that there is developing a new interest among the older people of the community, and if such interest grows, one can look for a kind

of mass movement toward Christianity sometime in the years just ahead.

*November 11.* A beautiful Sunday morning made one feel that he must worship, and this feeling was intensified as a carrier brought our mail from Gar-kida, seventy miles away. The home folks can not understand what getting mail in Africa means. After a week or two, out of touch with all the world, one is quite thrilled when he gets a line from home and friends. With the church hour at hand we dared not open the mail until after services, since we were expected to give our last talk to these kindly people. The attendance was good and the interest rather marked, considering the difficulty of preaching through an interpreter. After services we returned to the mail and in a few minutes we were living again with the church in America.

The evening service was entirely in the hands of the native church. A young African gave a stirring talk, especially directed to the older people of the congregation, asking why they allowed the younger folks to lead out in this new life of God. God grant that these older folks may be able to break from the strong bands of the past and find God in Christ Jesus as the way to the more abundant life.

*November 12.* We had a busy day of letter writing, with a final looking over of buildings and work before leaving the station. We feel that the work

at this station has a most promising outlook. The importance of the work seems to be kept uppermost and first things put first. There is no magic by which failure or mediocre conditions can be turned into success in anything, except by sane and courageous application to the task at hand. Christian missions are certainly no exception, since they represent the most vital and perhaps the most difficult task entrusted to mortals here below. It is really marvelous, therefore, how God has blessed the work; it is evident that he is anxious that it succeed.

*November 13.* We were up at five in the morning to start on our return trip to Garkida. Wading the river at six in the morning, after a cold night, was at least refreshing and stimulating, if not a bit dangerous for those not used to it. Bro. Miller had already developed a cold, but his youthful vigor made him feel it would do no harm. We were twenty miles on the way and had waded two rivers when breakfast was served on the banks of the second. It is needless to say that all appetites were equal to the occasion, and indulged in to full measure, since the doctor was our chauffeur and faithful guardian on the way. Besides the lunch prepared by Mrs. Kulp was as appetizing as our hunger was keen. We stopped at Michika to see the African district head. He invited us into his compound and

introduced us to the queen among his many wives, who proved herself a lady of winsomeness and social skill, even though we could not say a word. This chief has a son in school at Lassa and is devotedly fond of the mission and its workers.

The rest of the trip was uneventful and we arrived at Garkida at 3: 15 P. M., after having left Lassa at a little before 6 A. M., a distance of 113 miles by motor road. This was a marvelous saving in time over a trip by horseback, which requires three or four days. At the end of such a journey, made under a tropical sun, a bath is more of a luxury than any ordinary American can even imagine. After a good supper with Doctor and Mrs. Burke we were eager candidates for a night of refreshing sleep.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A CLOSE-UP OF MISSION WORK

OUR last full day at Garkida was Nov. 14. We needed to get several letters in the mail. Then the unexpected things of the day came in for their consideration. Here was a carpenter with a thumb badly cut who told with great emotion of his trouble with a fellow workman. Then there was a request to pack our baggage quickly for carriers to take to Marama forty miles away. They carry sixty pounds this distance for twenty-five cents, or one shilling. Railroads can not meet this competition until speed is more of a factor, and one even doubts if railroads can exceed the speed; for in twenty-four hours the baggage is delivered at one's house for that price. A survey was made of a few buildings that we had not yet examined with care.

At the leper colony we attended a session of court. Seven cases were brought before the chief of the village. The first case was that of a man stealing an ax, which was ordered returned. The second was a case of witchcraft, where a woman was charged with the illness of a child. The chief, who is of the tribe of the Fulanis, as was the man who charged the

woman, said after hearing the case that Fulanis do not believe in witchcraft and therefore the plaintiff should not have brought the charges. The child was ordered sent to the hospital for treatment. Thus the seven cases were disposed of in about an hour. Some were postponed on account of lack of witnesses, others dismissed. But all proceeded in a real court-like manner. There were no lawyers, nor lawyers' fees or speeches. The parties gave their own testimony, while the chief thoughtfully moved his fingerless hands in the sand before him. He seemed wise and fair in all decisions. Few people can imagine the problems arising among this group of about 400 lepers. Here are many tribes and temperaments represented by those in many stages of this dread disease. The government gives a subsistence, which is probably more than the wage of the average citizen. This money presents a great temptation to spend it in ways that ought not to be, and they are tempted to run away, which is contrary to the rules of the colony. The most careful supervision and guidance are necessary to make this pathetic group of human sufferers an increasing blessing to themselves.

*November 15.* We left Garkida for the last time on this trip. This is the oldest station in our Africa mission. Here Brethren Helser and Kulp located in 1923. There has been a lot of hard work done



about this station and a lot of money and strength expended. There are now some 250 in the school; a little less than 400 in the leper colony and about sixty-five baptized members. There are fifteen major buildings with many minor ones on a compound of about twenty acres. Perhaps five or six of these are permanent buildings, while the others are of mud and straw, and some of them not very valuable.

The leper colony is nearly two miles from the mission compound. There are about ten acres where the buildings are located, and about 500 acres granted for farming purposes by the government. On this the lepers are expected to make a living. The station is under-staffed at the present time. Some of its institutional growth must be reduced or else more help granted.

Then we were off for Marama. The trip across those forty miles showed what the dry season in Africa means. Two weeks ago everything was green; on this trip the brown and yellow in trees and bush were evident. The tall grass was burned in many places. Covered with dust, we arrived at Marama in the late afternoon.

*November 16.* Morning devotions were conducted in a helpful manner by Bro. Brubaker. The sessions of the day were given to subjects presented by the Field Committee. These covered practically everything in the operation of a mission, such as: Use of

government grants, means of transportation, adequate personnel and wise use of missionaries as to the multitude of details and the little time for real work with the people. Few people at home can realize how these problems accumulate. In this respect, the native peoples are like children; they come to borrow money, to seek advice about work, to talk about trouble with the neighbors, and so on ad infinitum. Then buildings need repair, food must be secured, cars and motorcycles need attention, workmen must be paid, and other necessary duties arise. To be courteous and thoughtful among these needs, and yet plan for the schools, hospitals and work in the villages, requires skill and Christian devotion. The afternoon was mostly given to the matter of schools, their curriculum, location and purpose. Can schools be too big? Should we accept government aid under all conditions? What kind of schools in villages? What kind of training schools? The place of agriculture and industry, and many other questions were considered.

*November 17.* The conference convened at nine in the morning and the day was given to a full discussion of the subject of evangelism and building the Christian church in Africa. The difficulty with schools, hospitals and other institutions is that they require so much time for accounting, repairs, discipline and other attentions that it is almost impossible

to get time to reach the people among the villages in an adequate evangelistic program. This is keenly felt by all missionaries, especially in these days of reduced personnel. We believe and decided that some missionary must be provided who can give his entire time to this work.

The matter of a training school for evangelists was given much thought, and for the present, Bible and Christian service short-term institutes are to be provided to meet this increasing need. Giving the Christian teaching in the daily school program more attention and a more prominent place in the curriculum was felt to be possible and was unanimously agreed upon. We felt this day was one of importance and progress in the study of the work.

*November 18.* We found Sunday a busy day around a mission station. On this day there were the various services in the station, and the going of native boys and missionaries to the villages round about. There was a Sunday-school at Marama. The morning sermon was preached by Bro. Kulp to a large audience. While the writer could not understand a word of it, yet from the response of the audience it was easy to see the talk was deeply appreciated. The afternoon services at two different villages divided the attendance of the missionaries here for the conference, but all returned to a vesper service at five o'clock at a beauty spot overlooking

the Hawal River Valley, where song and meditation on the inspiration of God to be found in nature occupied an hour of worship.

*November 19.* Our morning meditation was lessons from the storm on Galilee. The conference proper assembled at 9 o'clock and the medical side of missions occupied the whole forenoon session. In connection with this the leper colony came in for long and serious consideration. This side of the work in Africa is most important. There is so much suffering and no medical help of any sort, except for an occasional doctor. Leprosy is also most prevalent, but segregating these people by the hundreds into a colony presents problems in control and discipline, where a half dozen or more languages are spoken and many men and women are away from their homes and clans. But the problem is being wrestled with wisely and we are sure the future will give sound results. The afternoon was given to the matter of length of a term of service, and the best use and organization of workers.

*November 20.* The conference this day discussed the use of imported African workers from other missions, as compared with those from home, the most economical and satisfactory buildings, the budget and its use, and other of the more technical problems of a mission field. The mission has developed some very good houses for residence, mostly of stone,

which is abundant at two of the stations. At Lassa there is little stone, and here brick is being made. These houses are not so large, but are being built at from \$1,750 to \$2,000 and promise to give permanence and satisfaction. The mission has employed at each station one or more teachers and other workers from the Calabar mission of the Scottish church in southern Nigeria. To the present these workers seem to have given very splendid satisfaction.

*November 21.* This promised to be the last day of our conference. There was some further discussion of budgets, the appointment of workers to special tasks and the election of officers and committees for the year. Three and four sessions were held each day for six days in this conference and every hour was used in seriously facing the task of the mission and the growing church. Much time was given to the ideals and practice of the native church; for example, what in their native thought and life can be used and made Christian as a permissible part of their religious experience? The evening session was given to the question of how missionaries may contribute to the cultivation of and information to the home church which will always be necessary for the healthful and happy support of this world-wide mission of Christianity.

*November 22.* This was the day we planned to say farewell to the workers in our Africa mission.

Many changes have come in six years since our previous visit. Living conditions are very much better, both in the permanent stone and brick houses developed, as well as the splendid gardens that with irrigation produce almost any vegetable and tropical fruit. This, we feel, will make it possible to increase the term of service to four years, after the first term. Ultimately we are trusting it may be five years, if a place of rest is possible and not too expensive to reach.

The days of experimentation are giving more certain grounds for policy and procedure in the future. A few Christians of older missions in Nigeria are being used with good results. This gives confidence and hope of what the black man can do for himself through the grace of God and Christian culture. There are a lot of problems to solve before the young church here can go forward as it ought, many of which gather around the marriage question and polygamy; but with the religious tendencies of the black man there ought to be increasing evidence of growth in the years ahead.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE RETURN TO LAGOS

THE motor truck did not come on the 22nd until six in the evening, or too late to start to Jos, especially since some of us were suffering with very bad colds. So we decided to retire early after loading up, counting on an early start in the morning. So we were up at 4 A. M. After a splendid breakfast with the Heckmans, we were off while it was yet dark. But a lovely moonlight made the start inviting. The first hundred miles to the post office at Damaturu was over a road not so good. There, however, we got on an all-season road that was splendid for Africa. The progress was so good that we decided to go all the way to Jos. But an obstreperous fan belt on the motor began to give us trouble and the last ten miles had to be made without lights, since the generator was operated by that same belt. However, the kindly moon made it possible to get to Jos by 10:30 P. M., or after an eighteen-hour motor trip of 375 miles under a tropical sun, during which we were dusted by the harmattan from the desert, as well as dirt from the road. And yet, what an advantage over six years ago when the trip meant

five days under even less comfortable circumstances!

*November 24.* We awoke refreshed from the strenuous drive of the day before. There is a constant stream of missionaries passing through the mission house at which we stopped. Cables received the day we arrived announced others coming soon. A wedding of two missionaries gave a bit of romance and change from the usual routine of board and room. In Jos there is a white population of several hundred, because of governmental, railroad and mining interests. About ten per cent of the world's tin supply was mined here some years ago. We drove to Miango in the afternoon, thirty miles from the railroad. Here the Sudan Interior Mission has a rest home for missionaries. Since we are thinking of extending the term of service a year or more, there must be some place for a bit of rest and change between seasons for an interfurlough. This place has an altitude of 5,200 feet, has fine gardens, and is a good place to rest. It was a real pleasure to spend several hours with the half dozen missionary families present. We returned to Jos for supper and a good night's rest.

*November 25.* After morning worship at the mission home, we took a walk and attended the services in English at the little Church of England chapel. The rector here is a chaplain for the government and comes once a month to minister to



government officials and others. There were three men besides ourselves and the rector. On account of the Episcopalian attitude toward worship, the rector was not so much disturbed about attendance. To Episcopalians the church is an altar rather than a place for congregating. The night service was attended more largely, there being about twenty-five present. At 4: 30 o'clock there was a funeral of a young man who had been in charge of a dining car on the railroad. He had been married but a few months, his bride being even then in England. So sorrow and tragedy are found everywhere across this old world.

*November 26.* One has to anticipate much more and plan for it in Africa than at home. Where hotels scarcely exist and where the conveniences of our western civilization are unknown, one has to think even about the water he is to drink! Perhaps you think one does not get thirsty in Africa. But one does not know what thirst is until he finds himself in a tropical country with insufficient water to meet his needs. Yet there was much to be grateful for, and most of all, that the Light is coming to Africa, and with it the things which alone can satisfy. Through the kindness of Mr. Beacham of the mission we were taken about the town to see some vacant property that might be rented for a month of rest for missionaries. We found that Jos has a

population of 5,000, with but 100 white people left as a result of the depression in mining. This leaves vacant property that can be rented reasonably. Further plans for baggage, tickets and materials needed along the way were made. We were grateful for the kindness and hospitality of the Sudan Interior Mission House for rooms and other help.

*November 27.* We were off at eight o'clock on the train. The kindness of Mr. Beacham was again shown in hauling us to the station. Miss Robinson of the mission house packed us a good lunch and filled bottles with water for the journey. How glad we were for this kindness, and as we offered thanks to these people it was the same old story of missionary hospitality. They were only too glad to do it, remembering well the years when there was no one here to care.

At Kafanchan our train stopped for a half hour. Here we found two native Christians from our own mission who had walked seven miles to see us. One of these, Risku by name, we well remember from our visit of six years ago. These have been in a training school for evangelists and seem much encouraged by their year's study and experience. It was a pleasure to see Risku again and talk with him a bit in broken English. Both of these men give promise of being useful workers in the years ahead. May God grant the wisdom and strength that both

will need to meet the problems of their environment. Such leaders are the hope of the work.

*November 28.* It was a hot night on the train. We rather feared to fall asleep for fear of rolling off the seats; but with it all we got along very well. At three o'clock we were expecting to get out at Minna to take an early morning breakfast with the Helsingers. As we were attempting to remove a bit of the dirt, Albert's pleasant voice called to us. We were soon out and had a delightful two hours, besides a good breakfast and some more water and fruit for our journey. Cheered by these two hours of fellowship, we returned to the train and sped on southward. Bro. Helsing will be studying the Hausa language while at Minna and will visit leper work in West Africa on behalf of the American Mission to Lepers—a privilege granted by the Board at their April meeting.

Our trip during the day was uneventful, except that we got better acquainted with our missionary friends who came aboard yesterday. We also noticed the changing condition of vegetation along the way. The treeless plains of the plateau gave way to bush country; then came more trees as we moved south into lower altitudes and a region of greater moisture. About four in the afternoon we crossed the Niger River, the largest in northwest Africa, and the river from which Nigeria derives its name.

*November 29.* This was Thanksgiving Day in America, but being a strictly American institution, there is no knowledge of it elsewhere, except as some American may celebrate in his own way. At the station we met the good bishop of Lagos. He was here with his car, and with a half dozen other missionaries, took us to his home for breakfast. We were entertained in his home for the three or more days while we awaited our boat. It was a pleasant place to be.

The bishop and his good wife had just returned from a tour of the churches up the country. He is sixty-nine. During this trip they both walked fifteen miles in one day. They told us that forty years ago eighteen missionaries ate a Christmas dinner together here at Lagos, but in less than a month but seven were left, several being sent home, while the others died. Those were trying days in West Africa, and how grateful all must be for those who have helped to bring about this great change in healthfulness and hope, even though today Lagos is by no means a health resort. The day was spent in the hospital home of the bishop writing letters. Bro. Brubaker was put to bed with a touch of real fever, but with plenty of quinine and the care of the host, the fever broke by evening and he was better, but quite weak.

*November 30.* We made final plans for our sail-

ing on Sunday afternoon. We regretted that the boat was a day late, but we were glad to attend service on Sunday morning before going aboard. We were again refreshed by the bit of mail from the States. Here we were in touch with more missionaries, and were glad to learn of the ways and methods, successes and failures through which others have gone. An experienced dentist here for many years, was so led to mission work that he gave up his successful profession and entered the service of the Baptists. He and his wife were here on their return from Canada, going to their field, being most happy to return to their work. Others were just out from England. How the bishop and his wife welcomed all and ministered to all amid many responsibilities of their own! Yet it was all done with a smile and without any evidence of annoyance or excitement. Many a good housewife in America could learn poise and peace of mind from these folks of age and experience in Christian hospitality.

*December 1.* We hoped with rain for a cooler day, but it seemed even hotter. This is characteristic of equatorial Africa. We went to the bank to get some English money for use along the way. While Nigeria is an English possession, it has its own money and English money is not legal tender; but the latter is a sort of basis for the many kinds

of money used around the coast of Africa. We finished such buying as was necessary and tried to get a bit of rest in the heat of the day. In the afternoon we attended a meeting at the Y. W. C. A. where we found that our little friend, Miss Smith, a colored lady from America, was doing an unusually fine piece of work. She made fine impressions on both white and black folks. Why not? She was so modest and wise; so self-forgetful in her ministry to others.

*December 2.* At the morning service we listened to a good sermon by a Methodist minister in a Church of England pulpit. It was a graphic and keen interpretation of the inner differences of men in their thought and attitude toward God.

About two in the afternoon our good ship *Ussukuma* sailed slowly up the channel, just in front of the bishop's house. The band on board was playing friendly music. The boat was almost close enough to recognize those well known. After evening services and another good meal with the bishop and his friends, we went aboard ship. We said farewell to our friends who so kindly cared for us and found a night of rest on the boat.

## CHAPTER X

### SOUTH OF THE TROPICS

OF course, this was a hot day, but electric fans made life tolerable. The ship was crowded. We were given cabins in first-class, because there were no more in tourist. But we were reminded that baths, meals, etc., were to be in our own class. So we did not want it better. German ships are not so much on ceremony but are great providers. We found many missionaries aboard. At 5: 30 o'clock we pulled out of the harbor and all along the shore were friends who had entertained us, waving their benedictions of love and goodwill. What a tie is this common faith in the gospel of Christ!

*December 4.* At ten-thirty we met in our Bible class. About twenty-five were present. Here we were glad to meet again Mr. Adams of Kribi, Cameroons, who cared for us as host six years ago while we were visiting the splendid work of the American Presbyterians. He is treasurer of that work. He was returning from his furlough to America. We studied together the third chapter of First Thessalonians, led by Mr. Christiansen of Norway, who is

working under the Scandinavian Alliance with headquarters in Chicago. Here we meet American Baptists and Methodists, representatives of the African Inland Mission, and others. While most of the group were interested in missions, yet it was gratifying to find many coming because it was a group for Bible study. A retired merchant from Johannesburg seemed more than ordinarily interested in this Christian fellowship. The Bible still has an attraction for men when separated from the dust of antiquity and theological bias. It is still the revelation of the mind and will of God and we ought to maintain its freshness for every need and condition of life today.

*December 5.* Here we were lying alongside the wharf at Douala, which is the largest port of what is now the French Cameroons. This was formerly German territory, but was divided between the French and English at the close of the World War. Douala is a city of 25,000 Africans and 1,100 Europeans; it is the port of one of the richest territories on the west coast. Here the Germans did a large work in missions in the days gone by, but this, too, was taken from them in the war. Now the Paris Missionary Society is caring for much of it, and here the American Presbyterians have one of their most successful missions. Later in the day we stopped at Kribi, where starts a very good road into



the interior. It is here also that the missionaries of the Brethren Church enter their field in French Equatorial Africa. How we would like to visit this field, but like many other things, time makes it impossible. Five missionaries left us here, to drive their car 2,500 miles inland to their station.

*December 6.* We said farewell to Mr. Adams of the Presbyterian Mission and four of our friends of the African Inland Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Van Dusen and Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbutt. It was an interesting sight to see them unload Mr. Van Dusen's car onto a little boat bobbing up and down in the water; but it was done all right and likely by night these people were on their way interior, over roads none too good. Very few realize the distance that many of these missionaries cover in reaching their stations. At this point the writer was reminded that the lady in the neighboring cabin did not want a typewriter in action while she tried to sleep from 1:30 to 4 P. M. Well, she was traveling first-class and paid much more, and in her situation others might have objected too. But we found quarters in the children's dining room, and even if it was hot, we kept our work going.

*December 7.* We crossed the equator at four in the morning. There were no disturbances to awaken us. Many ships put on an initiatory rite when crossing this important line around the earth. But this

one had made no provisions and I am sure those who have gone through these things were glad their friends were spared embarrassment and inconvenience. It was raining, which is a common condition of weather along the equator much of the time. We hoped for cooler weather, but could not wait for that to do our work. We had made a report of our findings to the Board as well as to the mission. From this date on we had to think of India and its work. Books, pamphlets and documents of every kind on work in that country had to be read and thought about. So the report on Africa had to be gotten out of our systems.

*December 8.* Our boat stopped at Pointe Noire. Here again we lost a group of missionaries. This is the terminus of a railroad recently constructed by the French which goes inland to Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa. The high towers of a broadcasting station and the new buildings all indicate a growing and modern port. The west coast of Africa had given us a lot of glorious sunsets, but the one this night could not be described. The glorious radiance of the sun behind a tier of rolling clouds gave a changing glory which lasted for an hour or more. The crowd was silent, watching this magnificent symbol of both the glory and power of the One who rules the world.

*December 9.* We had hoped to enjoy a service,

but on arising the chief steward said we would be in port at Luanda Bay by 9:30 o'clock. So we made plans to go ashore to see the splendid mission station of the American Methodist Board. Mr. Klebsattel, in charge, is an American citizen, though both he and his wife were born in Germany. He asked us to come ashore to the afternoon service, to which we agreed. We were impressed with the reverence, cleanliness and order of the whole service, where apparently about 600 were present. He is deeply interested in his work and said he could never again be satisfied in his former pastorate in America where he preached in a town of 900 with five churches, while out here in this Portuguese country the Catholic government urges them to open more stations and the people ask for more teachers. Returning to the boat we enjoyed sacred music for the evening hour. We were fortunate in having an orchestra of unusual talent that played the best of music in a masterful way. The orchestra played about six hours every day; three in the first-class and three in the tourist. Music lovers could attend all, if they desired.

*December 10.* I was asked to lead the morning hour of Bible study. The group had previously selected the book of Hebrews as the subject for study, with any of its missionary implications. Losing a missionary or two at every port, the crowd lessened

at this study hour, but the interest did not, we are glad to say. At noon we were pushing again into port; this time at Lobito Bay, also in Angola, the large Portuguese colony of West Africa. We were getting out of the heavily wooded area along the equator into a more sandy and treeless country. But the port was a magnificent one, newly built and modern. We posted a few letters and looked about the town. At six in the evening we left to continue our voyage southward.

*December 11-12.* There was evidence in the temperature that we were leaving the tropics. The weather was much cooler, while the wind stirred the lazy waters of the tropics into a frenzy that reminded some folks there yet remaineth the malady of the sea. But with the sun the days became beautiful and invigorating. It was good to have a breath of this air after months in the tropics. Because of many passengers leaving us at the next stop, we were informed our farewell dinner was at hand. This is an event on board a ship to most people.

*December 13.* It was cooler, with the result that everybody was hunting heavier clothing. The sea was more restless and a few did not report at meals. Pulling into the harbor of Walvis Bay we found this the terminus of a railroad system that connects Capetown, Johannesburg and other large cities of South Africa. We therefore unloaded an unusually

large cargo of freight. We lost forty-two passengers, but got fifty-three others in their stead. This was once German territory, but through the war it became mandate territory under the Union of South Africa. This accounts for the large German population and the many who come and go, especially by a German steamer. Here we found clean shops and stores quite like at home. It was a pleasure to spend two hours in the splendid little library looking over some of the English newspapers of South Africa.

*December 14.* After twenty-seven hours in the harbor of Walvis Bay, we finally sailed at 11: 30 o'clock in the morning. It may be of interest to some to know that this ship had to pay \$300 for every day it was in this port. Some ports are much more expensive, but this one required no expensive improvements. This charge covered docking privileges, the use of five electric cranes for unloading and loading, the use of a tug, and the pay of a pilot. The wind was stiff and the ship clearly showed she had lost much of her cargo. We continued southward for three days and then turned eastward by the Cape of Good Hope, trusting that it would be true to name.

*December 15.* A stormy and cold day faced us. Overcoats were necessary and even then we could not keep warm. The boat was tossing to and fro and some were seasick. They said it was midsum-

mer here, but admitted "unusual weather." Just before noon we pulled into Luderitz Bay and we were glad to be protected by this inland harbor. Freight and passengers were unloaded into the bobbing boats and lighters. Nobody went ashore except those obliged to, and they had the sympathy of us all. All afternoon the unloading went forward, while the passengers tried in every way to keep warm. Winter clothing was in evidence everywhere.

*December 16.* We left the port last night, or rather in the morning, at two o'clock. Out at sea again it was somewhat milder and less stormy than it had been. There was a service in the first cabin at 10: 30 o'clock, where I talked to those who assembled. A goodly number came, while others played cards, games, gossiped or basked in the sunshine. A passenger list on an ocean steamer is more or less a cross section of society. Such a group presents a great opportunity to test out one's reform and evangelistic theories. The afternoon was pleasant and I found joy and stimulation in reading J. Paterson Smyth's *The People's Life of Christ*. This little book has passed through forty editions in twelve years, and its contents suggest the reason. It was hard to keep from getting a little homesick, since it was the writer's wedding anniversary.

## CHAPTER XI

### CAPETOWN AND BEYOND

**D**AY dawned with the promise of more cool, breezy weather. There was much bustle aboard since we were to reach Capetown by night, though not soon enough to dock. Pictures were taken of this group and that. Friends expressed gladness for friendships made and sorrow for the parting. Our Bible class met at 11: 30 o'clock and was led by Rev. Manlerbe of the Dutch Reformed Mission in Nigeria. We talked of the happy hours together and rejoiced in the inspiration afforded. In the morning we docked at Capetown and were glad to see a modern European city of about 250,000, the second largest in South Africa, and the most southerly point in our voyage in the south seas.

*December 18.* We awoke to find ourselves lying in the harbor at Capetown. The lights of the city against the mountains afforded a beautiful sight. With the rising sun, the buildings were made to appear as a sheet of variegated silver and gold across the horizon. The storm and cold of the last days seemed to promise a milder day. Good-bys were

said to many of our departing friends and we went ashore at nine o'clock to see the city of Capetown.

It is indeed an up-to-date city. Modern homes are built along the mountainsides, with the garage in the garret, or in the basement, depending on whether the house was built above the road or below it, and consequently whether you enter the front or back of your home. In the city were large department stores, at the time crowded with Christmas shoppers. Capetown is a city with splendid schools. The University of Capetown is one of the finest in the world. They say that half the population of this city of more than a quarter million is native, but we found those on the streets mostly white, well dressed, energetic and courteous. Many cars were on the streets, and our guide said: "There are more American cars than of any other manufacture, for only these will stand the mountain drives." It is said the South Africans are some of the most prosperous peoples in the world. Appearances would indicate this. A little drive around the shore, through the city and the adjacent fruit farms, indicated thrift and progress. The city is really a group of cities among the mountains. All available land is either being planted to trees or is carefully cultivated. Prices in the stores seemed to correspond with those in America, or were probably a little higher. For a shilling (25 cents) we had a light



lunch in a large department store. The basis of wealth is largely the gold and diamond mines, the integrity and thrift of the people and in a good location at a central point in the commerce of the world. Driving over South African roads, one was reminded of beautiful drives in southern California. So you can understand the enthusiasm of Bro. Brubaker, and his touch of sickness for home.

*December 19.* At Capetown we got mail from home, which was the best of all our impressions. A cable also brought us the news of all well and Christmas greetings. I do not remember of ever having received a Christmas gift that was more appreciated. If you have any doubts, withhold judgment until you have had the experience.

Perhaps a word about this wonderful country of South Africa would be in place. Nearly 300 years ago the Dutch began to migrate to this country. Much later came the English. The latter began to dominate its commerce and government. Many wars resulted. The final three-year struggle began in 1899 and is known as the Boer War. At the first the Dutch were victorious, but of course they were unable to meet the strength of the British in the long run and after three years peace was established. In the years following this there was formed the Union of South Africa in which eight countries are united under British rule. The discovery of dia-

monds in 1867 at Kimberly marks the beginning of its publicity and progress. Wealth in gold far exceeds that of diamonds, as the value of agricultural products is rapidly exceeding that of gold. The Atlantic, or west coast of the Union, is cold with little rainfall, and consequently has limited vegetation. Here cattle, sheep and the small grains are the principal products. On the Indian Ocean side, or east coast, it is warmer, with more rainfall and vegetation. Fruits and the products of the mines are more abundant here. The largest city is Johannesburg, with Capetown and Durban following, each of which has more than 200,000 population. There are now about two million white people and seven million colored in the Union of South Africa. The cities are built and controlled by the whites and the land is largely owned by them. The colored races live in communities, more or less prescribed by the whites. The colored peoples are servants and do much of the manual labor in city and country. This cheap labor makes South Africa a real competitor with Europe in all of the products that help to make rich the white folks who are in control. The race problem has long been acute in South Africa and promises to remain so for some time. There is no place for people without money. Everybody speaks two languages at least, the English and the Afrikaans. The latter is the language developed from the former

Dutch, but quite different. There are compulsory educational laws, four great universities and a good school system. Missions have been throughout the land for more than 100 years. They have contributed beyond measure to its progress in education, medicine and ideals. The Dutch Reformed Church predominates and is found in almost every city and hamlet. The Anglican follows in influence, with others of Protestant and Catholic influence scattered here and there.

We sent a wireless message from our ship to our families. What a privilege it was to be able to do so, and at such a low price. The Christmas rate was twenty-four words for \$2.55. If our experiences were shared by the home folks, this message was the best gift for that money available at this Christmas season.

*December 20.* Several letters were written for mailing at Port Elizabeth, where we arrived at three in the afternoon. While writing these letters, Bro. Miller came with two radiograms, one from the home church, the other from the sales ladies in his Cedar Rapids store. While we were frightened at his manifest emotions, fearing bad news, we were soon able to interpret his feeling as that of deep appreciation for being remembered while so far away. He said: "I didn't expect it!" Of course not. This

was one reason the messages were so much appreciated.

Beautiful Port Elizabeth was reached on time. It is a city of 40,000, apparently new and active as are all these South African cities. We had our first glimpse of the stars and stripes as the ship, City of New York, pulled out of the harbor as we came in. One never can appreciate the symbolism of his country's flag until he sees it far from home. Here we lost another of our missionary group, plus eleven others. At six we were off again, hoping to reach East London the following morning.

*December 21.* The summer sun woke us early and we found our good ship stopping. We looked out the porthole and found ourselves in the beautiful harbor of East London. We were at the docks by 7: 30, and since it was an hour until breakfast and the boat was not leaving until 9: 30, we took a walk up the hill to the market. Here in the midst of a splendid city of nearly 30,000 people was one of the best markets I have ever seen. There were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. All were arranged in small piles on the floor or in boxes, usually only one layer thick. These fruits of the soil were brought in from the farms by ox teams and donkeys. It was a new sight to see four to seven pairs of oxen or donkeys hitched to a wagon loaded with fruits and vegetables. We returned to

the boat for breakfast, and at 9: 30 the whistles blew and we were off. All day long we sailed by the east coast within a mile, or even half a mile at times, which reminded us that we might be on one of the world's great rivers. The coast was dotted with beautiful farm homes and the evidence of thrift and prosperity was apparent.

*December 22.* The sea was more turbulent and there was some seasickness among the passengers; but those who were able to be on deck and see the beautiful shore of Natal and its prosperous farm homes and hotels and boarding houses by the sea-shore will never forget the beauty of this land. At 2: 30 o'clock we docked in the beautiful harbor of Durban, a storm making this most difficult. Thinking of the possibility of changing here to an earlier boat to India, we immediately went ashore to see what could be done. We found all offices, stores and shops closed. Not being able to do any business, we inquired of a gentleman how to see the city, and he courteously waited until the proper car came and we took a two-story tramcar. We told the conductor of our interest in seeing the city and he soon seemed to give us all his attention and showed us the homes, churches, beautiful lawns, largest trees and other things of interest. We found ourselves enjoying a personally conducted tour at the street car fare of six pence. His courtesy was deeply

appreciated and made us like Durban better even than otherwise.

*December 23.* This was Sunday morning—and the Sunday before Christmas too. Our good ship pulled out about seven in the morning. Expecting to be in this harbor part of the day, no provision was made for a service on board, which we very much missed. We thought of home and the homeland much during the day. We had plenty of argument with the wireless operator as to whether or not our message went through to the home folks, but we tried to feel that it did, and that while we were a bit lonely on our ship, across the Christian world there were many services that hallowed the memory of the Christ. The day was spent in reading and getting acquainted with the new passengers who got aboard at Durban.

## CHAPTER XII

### PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

IT was the day before Christmas. But how difficult for those of us accustomed to the colder latitudes to associate this depressively hot day with Christmas time! They said we would reach Lourenco Marques about noon. This is the capital of Portuguese East Africa. We had left behind the cities in which the white man predominates, but still found him dominating all the way. We entered the bay leading to the harbor about ten o'clock, but did not dock until about one in the afternoon.

We took a stroll into the town to mail letters and look about. It was difficult to find any one who could speak English, but in due time we found the post office and the one man in charge to handle the Christmas mail. A long line in waiting of Portuguese, Indian and black men was soon made longer by the Germans, English and Dutch from the boat. After the exercise of much patience we were all served with stamps. We then boarded a tramcar to see the better homes of the city.

We returned to the boat and prepared for our Christmas dinner. It was really a splendid dinner,

but above all there was more of a feeling of homesickness than of Christmas enthusiasm. There were Christmas carols by the waiters and the workmen at their toil, but some of us felt like the Jews in Babylon: "How can we sing in a strange land?" Yet it was a pleasant evening and we were grateful for the splendid effort to prevent it from being worse. The mechanic force of our ship had a difficult task on a lighter by the ship's side, and as we heard these men late in the evening hammering away to the tune of "Holy Night," we felt again the hold of the Christmas message on the heart of the world.

*December 25.* Bro. Miller deserved the praise for being the first to bring his gift and cheerful Christmas greeting. The night had been so hot that I was literally bathed in my own perspiration, so that with an adjustment of my bed I settled down to an extra morning nap. But we all met at breakfast amid the happy greetings of crew and passengers. It was announced that our boat would leave the dock at two in the afternoon. So we walked again to the town to visit the modern railroad station, took a bus ride over the town and visited the British India ship which had just come into the harbor. This was the ship we wanted to plan for at Durban, but could not, since all offices were closed. We returned to the *Ussukuma*, to feel at home, eat our lunch, and spend two more weeks aboard.



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After dinner the crew was given a social hour on the front of the boat, where music, fruits, nuts, sweets and a talk by the captain, all had a place on the program. It was refreshing to see these hard-worked men have this privilege and honor. One was impressed with the comradeship of these Germans. There was no snobbishness upon the part of any. The captain was as jolly and friendly with tourist passengers as with those traveling first-class. He spoke as kindly to an unskilled workman as to his first officer. The hard work of everybody, plus this great spirit of comradeship, not only assured us of the best service possible on board, but reminded us that the German people, in spite of their losses in the war and turbulence in government, are bound to survive and prosper as a nation. The success of a people rests much more in their inherent character, thrift and co-operation, than upon the political uncertainties and changes that come and go with the years.

Our table steward, one of the best of our crew, showing intelligence, energy and judgment, was asked about his family, of whom he spoke with pride and affection. He turned away, walked quickly to the kitchen, wiping the tears from his eyes, but returned to his work with grim determination. This man speaks five languages, and has a personality that would make him a leader anywhere. But faith-

fully he scoured the floors and walls of bathrooms and served tables. Of course he is in line for promotion; for men who face life under such circumstances in this spirit can not be easily ignored or forgotten.

*December 26 and 27.* These were just two more days at sea, the same boundless, heaving and restless ocean to the right of us, for the Indian Ocean looks like other seas. An occasional shark fin above the surface, or a porpoise gracefully showing his skill amid the waves, was the only excitement. To the left of us was the beautiful and ever charming shore of Portuguese East Africa. And if you will examine a modern map you will find that the Portuguese control a goodly part of the east coast. Most of the folks on this boat were from the cooler climates of Northern Europe. They were taking this trip to enjoy its warmth and were not in a hurry, so we adjusted ourselves and spent the time in reading and writing.

*December 28.* We arrived at Beira, Portuguese East Africa. This is the nearest port to southern Rhodesia. An English paper printed at Salisbury, in Rhodesia, was sold on board and we got more news from America than in any paper since leaving London. Here our good ship loaded a cargo of 3,000 tons of copper. This required two days. We went into the town to mail some letters and look in-

to their shops and stores. Most of these are in the hands of Indians, of whom there are 7,000 in the city. One of these keen Indian merchants asked us where we were from, and we replied, "America." Then with great emphasis he said: "American the most clever people in the world." I told him I thought the Indians were. He admitted that both were fairly clever in business. Then he said: "But America is losing her trade out here, as her goods are too high. Japan is selling 90 per cent of the goods sold on this coast." Then I said to him: "That looks as if the Japanese were more clever than either of us." He admitted as much. The stamp of Japanese manufacture is evident everywhere and the business is done by the Indians, both of which are due to the fact that they yet live on a plane that makes such conditions possible. But it is good for a white man to look in on these things and think. To raise their level of living will be giving them an equal privilege with us, which is due them. And to lift this standard of living might make them less effective competitors and increase the demand for better made goods. So either way we take it, there must be hope in the direction of sharing our progress and blessings with the rest of God's children.

*December 29.* Since our ship had to lie at Beira all day loading copper, sisal, tea and other products,

it was planned for about thirty-five of us to take a trip up the Buzi River, which is but one of the branches of the Zambesi as it finds its way to the sea across a large delta. The trip was made in two gasoline launches. We were to see a typical African river, hippopotamuses and crocodiles, and visit a Portuguese sugar refinery about twenty-five miles interior. The day was delightful and the air cooling, as compared with the humidity in port. Much interest was shown in the shy and occasional demonstrations of the hippos, as they were careful not to show themselves long or very fully.

Following lunch, we went ashore to visit the sugar refinery. We were unfortunate in calling when all workmen were at lunch and the refinery was closed for the season.

*December 30.* The weather was very warm and few enjoyed a good night's rest. The big iron cranes were busy all through the night loading freight of every description into the hold of our vessel. Promptly at eight o'clock, and in the midst of a tropical shower, our ship pulled out northward toward Mozambique, our next stop.

*December 31.* A fine looking gentleman with a long red beard was aboard. A half dozen persons asked me if I knew who he was—perhaps because he had a ministerial air about him. So I made his acquaintance by asking: "Can you speak English?"

His kindly reply was: "A leetle." I found him to be a native Hollander and a Catholic missionary to Nyasaland for eight years. He was going home for a year's rest, but was coming north to see his brother at Porto Amelia for two days, before returning back around South Africa to his home in Holland. It has been a long time since I met a more gracious and congenial gentleman. One wondered just why no one spoke to him for a day, but a "ministerial look" is no particular attraction to the average traveler. I wonder why?

*January 1.* The engines of the ship ceased to vibrate, so we knew we were certainly in the harbor of Mozambique. And here we felt sure of getting mail. So we got out early to know if there might be a letter or paper. There were two letters for myself and four for the junior member of the party. In our anxiety we almost forgot it was New Year's Day, until reminded by our genial chief steward, who handed us the mail. A letter is a small thing, but when one is detached from country and friends, not knowing who is dead or alive among them, he appreciates a letter more than a pot of gold. Of course, the news was six weeks old, but it was news to us just the same.

*January 2.* It rained most of the night and therefore was somewhat cooler. In Porto Amelia we stayed until four o'clock in the afternoon. We re-

mained on the ship for the day, while most of the others went ashore. They reported later that there was little to see that could not be seen from the ship. Natives came aboard with great quantities of little birds for sale, and many were bought to be carried to Europe by the sailors and passengers. At five P. M. we quietly moved out of the harbor of Porto Amelia, which to an observer from the ship seemed to be one of the best on the eastern coast of Africa.

*January 3.* We awoke to find ourselves in the midst of a heavy tropical rain. The sea was very choppy. There was little to record of interest, except a lot of folks not feeling too good. Last night I had a talk with one of the five members of our ship's orchestra. The orchestra had given us high grade music for the most part. One of the members had always refused to accept beer, when offered by some guest in appreciation for the music. I talked with him, and asked why, since this was unusual with our German friends. He said: "I have two boys at home; for their sakes I neither drink nor smoke." What a fine parental attitude, especially amid the pressure that was made for him to do otherwise. Why should not every parent do as much for his or her boys? We owe our children an example in the right direction.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE VISIT TO MOMBASA

**B**EAUTIFUL is the harbor of Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika. This interesting name means Haven of Rest or House of Welcome. This was German territory until the time of the World War, but since then is under Britain. In the harbor is a decaying dry dock that was blown up in the war to prevent German vessels from entering. The city has a beautiful location and one can well sympathize with our German chief steward, who, looking upon it in the beauty of the morning sunlight, said: "This is one of the spots I wish might be returned to the Germans, to whom it rightfully belongs, and on which we spent many millions of marks."

We had been asked by one of our India missionaries to call on an India Christian family here. The wife was once a teacher in our Anklesvar Girls' School. The husband is employed in the British customs office. We found him and he gave us a half day of his time by the agreeable consent of his employer. We first visited his home, where his good wife and four splendid children gave us a very

hearty welcome. It was an event in their lives, as it was also in our own. Nothing seemed too much for them to do in appreciation of our call, and we shall long cherish their great kindness. At 6: 30 o'clock we were off to Zanzibar in the beauty of a hot summer evening.

*January 5.* We were in the harbor of ancient Zanzibar, on the island by the same name. This island has an area of only 640 square miles, but produces ninety per cent of the world's cloves. However, Madagascar is rapidly becoming an active competitor. Cloves and cocoanuts are the chief export productions, but tropical fruits of all kinds are very abundant. The writer had always thought of cloves as growing on a shrub or plant; but he found them covering the outer limbs of trees growing to forty or more feet in height. It was a sight to see piles of this spice, almost like mountains, in the great warehouses in which it is kept for shipment. The city is made up of native blacks, Indians and Arabs, with about 600 white people. The climate of the island is intensely tropical. Here the east and west mingle and contrast. Electric lights, telephones and motor cars contrasted with donkey carts and windowless houses of mud and bamboo. One marveled how religion and science have combined to bring health and cleanliness to these ancient peoples.

*January 6 and 7.* These days our ship lay in the



harbor at Tanga. The first day was Sunday and we could not hold a service owing to the great noise of the machinery loading quantities of sisal, cotton and coffee. We spent the day resting and reading.

On reaching Mombasa we shall disembark. Thus we shall never see most of these passengers again. Have we used these opportunities to help and guide? Have we left such impressions behind as will strengthen the hearts of others when they are tempted? Have we exalted the cause of Christian missions, since all know that is our business? These and other questions challenged us as we said farewell. We shall never forget the hospitality of those in charge of our good ship *Ussukuma*. We sought nothing that was not given us.

*January 8.* We were in the beautiful harbor of Mombasa. Here we left the good ship which had been our home for five weeks.

To the Church of the Brethren Mombasa is sacred because here lies the dust of our good brother, J. H. B. Williams, who died from typhoid fever in this city on April 17, 1921. He was making a trip to the mission fields in company with Brethren J. J. Yoder and H. J. Harnly. He contracted this fever somewhere on the way. Of course a visit to this grave was the first object of our stop here. But before this was done we bought tickets to Nairobi, 300 miles interior, so we might lose no time. After a

visit to the Bishop of Mombasa, we tried to find the grave. Our first search ended in failure, because of some wrong impressions and some more misunderstanding of language on the part of those who thought they knew what we were saying. As the weather was intensely hot, the search was left for the next day. It was Mombasa's hottest season, they told us, and we hoped they were right, for if it ever gets hotter, it would be most undesirable. Otherwise Mombasa is a fine city. But the larger city is Nairobi, before mentioned, which is the capital. It has an elevation of more than 5,000 feet. Here, also, there were more missions and a few folks who know missions and mission practice better than almost any others in Africa.

*January 9.* After breakfast we started for the European cemetery where lies the body of our Bro. J. H. B. Williams. This time we found it with but little trouble. Here we rested, meditated and prayed. We tried to remember the tragic experience of Bro. Williams' comrades who tenderly left his body and went on without him. We recalled the heart-breaking experience of some as we broke the news to his family in their home in Elgin. Amidst all these memories one found much to think about, talk over and pray for. The grave is at a lovely spot beside a magnificent mango tree. We took a number of photographs and hoped some would be good. We

handed a few shillings to those who seemed to be in attendance and asked them to give the grave good attention. After several hours we walked slowly away, living over again those eventful days. The lines from Newman's hymn, which are on the gravestone, and which we understand our brother recited during his last illness, rang in our ears with new meaning and pathos. "The night is dark and I am far from home; lead thou me on."

We had an appointment with Mr. Miller at the bishop's residence to learn more about their work and that of others on this east coast, and so we proceeded to fill this engagement. Mr. Miller told us his work is among the Europeans, of whom there are 900 in the city. He said: "It is a most difficult group to interest in religion, and until we do, it complicates our problem of work with the natives." There could be no truer words spoken about these coast cities. With so many white folks indifferent to religion, and many doing almost everything that the missionaries try to get the native blacks to quit doing, certainly creates a most difficult problem. But they do have good boys' and girls' schools for the natives.

We thanked these good friends for their care of the Williams grave and trust they will continue to care for it through the years. Then we went to the train for our night ride to Nairobi. A few miles

out of the city a passenger got on. The attention given him by the black folks assured us that he was a missionary; so we approached him and found that he was a Methodist superintendent and a native Englishman. We were most glad for his fellowship and that of his family. We got much information from him. In case some of our own folks think our work is slow and hard, they might remember that this good man told us that after seventy-five years in East Africa they have only about 600 baptized Christians, with an average of about twenty missionaries through the last fifty years. But then, of course, mission results are not alone in the number of baptized Christians by any means. Our train was climbing the mountains and when we stretched out to get some rest we were conscious that it was much cooler, and getting more so on this upward climb.

*January 10.* We had been informed that we would be going through the government game preserve by daylight in the morning, and that then many of the wild animals of Africa could be seen from the train. Therefore early we were looking for elephants and giraffes. While we did not see any specimens of these larger animals, there were many varieties and sizes of animals visible from the train. For an hour or so they seemed as abundant as cattle in a grazing country.

We arrived at Nairobi at 1 : 30 o'clock and found a reasonable place to stay. After cleaning up from the night's ride we set out to find Mr. J. W. C. Dougall, who is secretary for both missions and government in working out their school problems in the Kenya colony. We found him in his office and quite ready to share his time. We soon found that a meeting was being held in the afternoon at a school in which we were much interested. He was going and invited us to accompany him, which we were most glad to do. It was a joy to see the splendid plant and its beautiful surroundings. Most everything is made by the students while in training. Once a year the teachers sent out from this school are invited back for a three weeks' "refresher course." This course was just closing and awards were being given. A large crowd was present. The wife of the governor of the colony handed out certificates and awards. To study this plan and see its results in the lives of these teachers as they came back from their experiences in the "bush" schools were both interesting and profitable. One wishes that all educators might see the development of this plan among this backward people. It might help to stimulate some changes in educational emphasis that many have been trying to realize for years.

*January 11.* This was a lovely morning on the heights of Kenya, cool and refreshing. Unexpected-

edly Mr. Dougall called us over the phone and offered to take us out to see a successful mission station under a Mr. and Mrs. Knapp. These two sturdy Americans came to Kenya thirty-five years ago. They are marvels in common sense, devotion, faith and practical Christian influence. Their work has grown and they are held in high esteem by all. They enjoyed the call of three American friends and their joy was only exceeded by ours in the short hour we had with them. They have created a splendid corps of native workers about them and the work is sure to be permanent.

We returned to lunch and in the afternoon decided to visit the game preserve to take the photograph of any wild animals that would pose. Of course they were timid about waiting for us, or else we were not quick enough; yet a few efforts were made and we hope some day we can show you a photograph of a real giraffe seen at close range.

*January 12 and 13.* The first of these two days was a busy one with letter writing, arranging photographs, mending clothes and a host of other duties that accumulate with persistent going. The second day being Sunday, we attended the morning service at the Church of Scotland in Nairobi.

In the afternoon, following the open air service in a native village where 300 attended, we returned with Rev. and Mrs. Pitway to share their evening

meal and hour of prayer. They have a church in the city with a regular attendance of about 2,000 native Christians, also a splendid school, bookshop and a large evangelistic work among the villages. All teachers and evangelists are being supported by the communities in which they serve, less the subsidies paid by the government for all school work. We spent an evening of rare spiritual fellowship.

*January 14.* This was a busy day at two large missions. We first drove to the Mission of the Church of Scotland, fifteen miles from Nairobi. In some thirty-five years they have built a large work. The buildings and grounds are beautiful and well kept. Hospitals, schools, shops and agricultural grounds complete a most modern and elaborate station. Then we drove thirty miles further to see an American mission, the African Inland Mission at Kejabe. The mission occupies a most imposing location overlooking the Rift Valley. Of land it has 2,000 acres—much in timber, a sawmill, school for missionaries' children, hospital, Bible teachers' school, printing press and schools for boys and girls. This station is at an altitude of 7,500 feet. Therefore the climate is cool. We sat at tea in the afternoon beside an open fire, eating plums from the mission orchards, and all but forty miles south of the equator! Here we found American friends happy in their work. We shall ever remember the

hospitality of these friends and the memory of that beautiful hilltop consecrated to Christian service will always be a benediction. The trip home was through splendid coffee plantations which seem to be cared for in the most modern way.

*January 15.* We left Nairobi for Mombasa. We wrote some letters, packed our baggage and were off on the afternoon train, feeling that Nairobi is fast becoming one of the well developed capitals of East Africa. Here western push is being yoked with eastern strategy to develop a great country. The pity seems to be that here in the midst of great missionary endeavor and progress there is a population of white folks to the number of 5,000 who scarcely ever go to church. This is one of the great handicaps to mission work. The world needs men who can take their religion with them as did the fathers who came to America.



## CHAPTER XIV

### CROSSING THE INDIAN OCEAN

**A**RRIVING at Mombasa, after a night's ride on the train, we sailed at noon for India, leaving Africa behind. Naturally one wishes he might say something about this great black continent that would be of interest to readers; but simply skirting the continent and stopping in a few coast cities give no adequate knowledge of such an area. Mombasa will ever be sacred to the church because of the grave of Bro. J. H. B. Williams, already referred to. The country interior is the land that might have been the place of our mission had he not died. Anyway, we were impressed that Nigeria is quite as good. It is certainly more backward and needy. There is a greater density of population. At present it is further from the evil influences of the white men. As a mission field Nigeria is much more strategic in relation to the Mohammedan invasion, and less complicated because of rapid Indian invasion. Nigeria has the single disadvantage of a greater number of languages, which at the same time creates an additional need. But there are challenges in both locations and in either place there is

a need that will demand the best that we can do. But we have a great location in Nigeria and we will do well to lay a firm foundation before western civilization comes with its combination of good and ill to confuse these backward, but capable people.

After the red tape of customs inspection, transfer of baggage, and disappointment of no further mail, we boarded our good ship *Tairea* for Bombay. In this change of ships we turned from a German line to a British, from tourist to second-class, and therefore at slightly higher cost. We found the accommodations less attractive, particularly in the food provided and personal attention to the comforts of the passengers. Also there were fewer passengers. Our German boat was crowded with two sittings at each table. On the *Tairea* we had but seven in the second-class dining room. Four of these were white—a young Oxford graduate returning to visit his father at Calcutta, and the deputation three. There were also three Indians. There were many more Indians in second-class, but these had their meals served in their cabins, as they preferred Indian food and the Indian method of eating with their fingers. For the most part these Indians are in business in East Africa. The sea was rough and many were ill. They told us the boat had about 700 deck passengers. These were crowded into every available space.

*January 17.* The sea was rough and many were ill. Our trio was able to attend meals and read the *Messengers* received a week earlier at Mombasa. This all led to talking of the home church and its work and problems. How we have had our appreciation of the church deepened by these experiences of separation! All of us would like to be home to help push her interests, bear her burdens and share her fellowship. But our task lay elsewhere and we felt we could help most by doing this well. What a privilege it was to read *The Gospel Messenger* out here on the Indian Ocean! Just how some folks feel in trying to get along without it, we can not understand.

*January 18.* The day dawned with the sad news that one of our Indian friends in second-class had just died. He was ill when he embarked and had suffered with heart trouble for years. It was reported he was buried at sea at 9: 30 o'clock. Passengers are given no knowledge of such events, since the ship company's purpose is to leave no depressing memories on the mind of its passengers. The Indian's widow continued the journey alone.

A long talk with an Indian doctor, who took a postgraduate course in London and who has practiced two years in Uganda, East Africa, but was now returning to his former home at Kashmir to locate, revealed strong nationalistic feelings. We

had Mohammedans, Hindus and Parsis among our Indian friends. Almost all paid high tribute to Christ, but were critical of those of us who profess his name. What manner of men we ought to be!

*January 19.* The sea was smoother and most people were feeling better. They told us we had crossed the equator, but nothing happened, except that we were then on the same side of this invisible line as our loved ones—and that is something! We took a tour among the seven or eight hundred deck passengers. What an aggregation of humanity! Some of these bought passage without food, and some with it. While these passengers were too crowded, they seemed reasonably content and are unfortunately too fond of and used to these conditions. No doubt some of them were financially better able to go second- or first-class than those who did. Life conditions are not always what we want; but more often than we think they may be the result of our own tastes and choice. We found some deck passengers feasting on delicious fruits that a few hungry men in second-class would have been glad to taste.

*January 20* was a beautiful Sunday at sea. But one felt lost without some public worship. There were but six in first-class, yet a majority did not care for a service. Those in second-class had no place that would not interfere with the rights of

others. Besides, our class was composed mostly of Parsis, Hindus and Mohammedans. However, if we could have arrived at an understanding, we might have had a service helpful to all; but prejudices based on misunderstandings prevent a lot of joy in life. So we read *Kingdom Come*, by Hugh Redwood. It is a most stimulating book. The author says that "unless the church is out-and-out for Christ it may be out." We do need a sense of the power and grace of God in our ministry, or we deservedly fail. A conference of Indians of all religions and none about the future of India provided a stimulating hour. Men trained in Europe, Africa and India took part. It was evident that India is thinking seriously and other nations will do well to remember that she is awakening, reading and thinking as few nations are, even though her mind is still probably too much on herself.

*January 21.* Perhaps the greatest event of this quiet day on the sea was our conference at five in the afternoon. The presiding officer at the conference was a venerable Sikh from the Punjab in the north of India. Brahmins, Moslems, Parsis, Christians and agnostics took part. The discussion was mostly around the subject of what, in the civilization of the west, India wants; also what to avoid to make sure of her further development. There were both strong support and condemnation of western

education as it is organized today. The Indians feel the deep need of education, but fear the western brand is too materialistic. There was a general condemnation of religions by several, which led to some definitions and interpretations. Then it was quite apparent that practically all Indians want religion, but are most critical of practically all organized religions. As a result of the frank discussion, we felt a large majority believed Christianity to be the best religion they know, but they are critical of the spirit and purpose of most organized churches. Some of this feeling was evidently based on lack of information; but entirely too many felt the churches were out of harmony with the teaching of Christ.

*January 22* was mostly spent in writing letters. This carried our thoughts homeward and it was with difficulty that feelings of loneliness and depression were overcome. It was also an increasing joy to get better acquainted with the thoughtful and brilliant Indians, of whom there were so many on our good ship. The question at the evening conference was the relation of science and religion. This again led to a discussion of definitions, almost more than the subject involved. It was evident in this discussion that religion has a deeper root in the Indian mind than in that of many westerners. The Indians present, who had wide training in modern science and scientific methods, quickly admitted the

necessity of religion, if it is true and sincerely represents the mind of God. One brilliant Oxford graduate insisted on dissenting from this viewpoint, but he was not an Indian. An outstanding result of these discussions was a better knowledge of the temper of the Indian mind in general. It is most frank and self-controlled. The poise, kindness and fairness and patriarchial dignity of the presiding officer helped much to this end.

*January 23.* The great Indian Ocean remained smooth and the weather delightfully cool. From Bombay was reported the coldest weather in fifty years. Our ship's officers said this was the coolest trip across in many years. We were informed by a gentleman who claimed some knowledge of science that the bottom of the Indian Ocean is one of the most irregular of all, and it is believed that at one time in the ancient past the peninsula of India was united with Africa, since vegetation, birds and animals are quite alike on the eastern shores of Africa and western India. Our discussion in the evening was around the subject of the best educational methods for India. Since we had rather agreed the evening before that religion must be taught with a larger regard for the facts of science, it followed that science can only be true to itself in manifesting greater reverence for the realities of the spirit. Some suggestions were made, but the presiding of-

ficer had much difficulty in keeping the discussion from side issues, especially since our young British Oxford graduate felt determined to impress the group with the fact that nothing was real except what had been proven so by science through material demonstrations. Of course he had difficulty in getting any one to quite agree with him, for most Indians live in a philosophical world.

*January 24.* The voyage continued delightful as to sea and weather. Our conference closed with this meeting, since many of our passengers were to leave us in the morning at Porbandar, our first stop on the coast of India. The meeting was a sort of farewell testimony to our helpful fellowship together. We agreed that since discussion among ourselves was so mutually helpful, we should carry this spirit into our national and religious groups everywhere. All testified to the unexpected good fellowship enjoyed; even our young British friend thought that the years ahead might cause him to accept the fuller views of the best and richest life. We found it a pleasure to know the thinking of leaders among those with whom we work. How much understanding comes out of a conference—if you seek it sincerely!



## CHAPTER XV

### OUR INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

**P**ORBANDAR, where we arrived the morning of Jan. 26, is a port to one of the native states. The beautiful home of the prince who controls it is located on the shore amid lovely surroundings. Most of our deck passengers and some of those in second-class disembarked here. At 10: 30 o'clock we were off toward Bombay, 252 miles to the south-east, where we hoped to land in the morning.

*January 26* was the day we were scheduled to reach India, and how anxious we were! We had been told we were to be on deck at 7 A. M., with shoes and hose removed and ready for a medical examination before docking at Bombay. We were all there, expecting it to be more or less a bit of red tape; but the very appearance of the doctor and his assistants, who came aboard half an hour late, gave evidence the authorities meant business. The doctor's examination, therefore, was rather thorough. The special point of search was for a certain African parasite that India is watching with eagle eye to keep out. This over, and our last breakfast aboard, we went on deck to see the smiling faces of

Brethren Blough, Blickenstaff and Moomaw who had come to meet us. After eight weeks on steamers around Africa and across the Arabian Sea, it was most thrilling to see India and to receive the welcome of these brethren to her hospitable shores. With hearty good-bys to the Indian friends made on board, we disembarked to find all were well, and to receive almost a hundred letters for one or the other of our traveling trio. What a joy, too, to have these folks help us through customs and the details of baggage and other duties in entering another country! These things over, we were on our way to the good home of Bro. L. A. Blickenstaff in the city. Here hospitality and fellowship overflowed for an hour, after which the above named brethren sat down with us to help arrange our itinerary. What a task to visit nine stations at particular times because of special meetings, give opportunity for needed conferences, attend two district meetings of four days each, and be ready for mission conference in five weeks! It seemed an impossible task, either to go when we ought or to have half the opportunities we desired to meet this, that or the other group or person.

*January 27* was a delightful Sunday in Bombay! We attended the morning service in the Robinson Memorial church. The writer was asked to preach at the evening service. A drive through the city in

the afternoon, through the kindness of Mr. Moffatt, treasurer of all Methodist missions in India, was really inspiring. Bombay has a million and a quarter of people, and some say with its suburbs has a million more. Here Parsis, Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians mingle in a great community. The latter are fewer in numbers, but have influenced its thinking likely more than any other religious group.

*January 28.* We visited the office of our intermission treasurers. This is an experiment in mission co-operation, which promises greater efficiency and economy. During sickness or furlough the business of any of the co-operating boards will go on without any large additional expense or inconvenience. Better rates of exchange and transportation are being realized. Planning for our trip to China and a host of other things took up the rest of the day. An invitation to tea with Dr. John MacKenzie, president of Wilson College, which is the only Christian college in the Bombay Presidency, was accepted by Bro. Brubaker and myself and a most profitable hour with one of Bombay's Christian leaders was enjoyed. An invitation for all of us to dine with Bishop B. T. Badley proved to be another opportunity to learn much about India and its mission work from one who knows India as few men do.

*January 29.* We were up for a walk before day

among the thousands who sleep on the streets of Bombay every night in the year. After passing a hundred or more lying on the streets, there came a heavy shower of rain—the unexpected in Bombay at this time of the year. As a result these sleepers were quickly on the move, taking up their beds to walk, or run, as the case might be.

After breakfast we went to test out the moving pictures taken in Africa. Carrying these 10,000 miles through the tropics made us fear we might not have much for our trouble. But we were pleased with the results and we felt Bro. Brubaker was to be congratulated on the quality of the pictures taken under difficult circumstances. It was no small matter to get something of this type amid the trials of pioneer traveling. Making plans for getting out of India was next on the program, and again we found the steamship companies very helpful. Planning for a most strenuous trip for the next five weeks among the stations took us until midnight.

*January 30.* This day we began our hurried visit among our nine mission stations. All except two of these are on the railroad and five of them on the main line of a double track system of a road that operates 160 trains every twenty-four hours. India has more railroad mileage than any other country in the world, except the United States, and its railroads carry each year more than the number of the

entire population, which is 353,000,000. It was the fact of such service and location that made it possible for one to get about as rapidly as we did to visit the stations in the time allotted. But how difficult to even estimate the work and problems in such a visit! Going north from Bombay we passed through our Palghar station, where no missionary is now located, owing to a reduced personnel. The station is cared for by Bro. Shull, along with Vada, which is one of the stations not on a railroad. We next passed through Dahanu, where Goldie Swartz was at the train to hand us a much appreciated cup of cocoa. Here she with Dr. Nickey and Nurse Hazel Messer is busily engaged in caring for the work—medical, educational and evangelistic. Next we passed through Bulsar, where Mrs. B. M. Mow, Nurse Ruth Glessner and Verna Blickenstaff met us to hand us mail and have a few minutes' chat. These with the Drs. Cottrell are in charge here, Miss Blickenstaff only temporarily, or until 'furlough sailing date. The next station was Navsari, where there is a reading room for Mohammedans, the privately operated hospital by Dr. John W. Fox, and the girls' school and station at Jalalpor near by. The latter work now is in charge of Sadie J. Miller and Indian assistants. Here, following a service of genuine Indian welcome, there was a baptism of twenty-one, a council meeting at which

two deacons were elected, and a love feast at night. Besides this we visited all mission property and had several conferences. We retired at near midnight to arise at four in the morning to get an early train to Vyara. Brethren Brubaker and Miller were left here.

*January 31.* We were up at four, breakfasted with Sadie Miller and were off to Vyara. At Surat we met Elsie Shickel and Goldie Swartz on their way to Vyara also. A few letters were written, as well as these notes on the way. We saw the destructive results of the recent frost in India, the first for many years and one that will mean further suffering for thousands. We were soon with the Educational Committee and Miss Alice Van Doren at Vyara. This committee authorized a careful survey of mission work, especially as to cost and efficiency in the mission school program in relation to the whole work. This we regard as a splendid move and their report will mark an epoch in mission progress. We wished the home church could see just what is being done to make the work efficient and most valuable in the use of every sacrificial dollar that is given. We only wish as much co-operation, sacrifice and efficiency might be put into our program in the home church. It is just such a thorough investigation and facing of our task that lead to a program of success and practical usefulness—a

much better program than can be built in Bombay or Elgin, however wise the counselors may be.

*February 1.* Two sessions with different committees were held, one at 7:30 and the other at 8:30 o'clock. Then we were off to the train to return to Jalalpor and my comrades. The hours of this visit to Vyara were most profitable and pleasant. The various personal and committee contacts furnishing the first, and the hospitable homes of the Bloughs and the Zieglers the second. After a train ride of four hours at a cost of about 32 cents for third-class, we were back at Jalalpor. Several letters were written on the way, and a very helpful fellowship enjoyed with missionaries and strangers who were along. At Navsari we took lunch with Dr. and Mrs. John W. Fox. As many know, these good folks were once in the medical work at Bulsar, or until they undertook to care for a hospital at Navsari on an independent basis. They have a very fine building rented from some well-to-do Parsis. Their medical work has been a success. Another visit was made to the Mission House with Sister Sadie Miller, a few conferences held with Indian workers, tea taken with the Foxes, and we started for Bulsar on the night train. An hour later we were at Bulsar. Here we were given garlands of flowers by those who came to the station. A little later on reaching the bungalow the school girls and boys did the same.

*February 2.* We had breakfast with the Mows and then visited the school. This school is managed by a committee of three Indian leaders. There were 153 pupils present and from what we saw we feel a very good piece of work is being done. This visit was followed by a conference with Indian leaders at the church. It was to consider a Provident Fund for the ministers and teachers in which they are much interested, but almost every item of work was discussed as well. It is difficult for these good people to understand what has happened in America in an economic way. We emphasized the fact that Christian work can not be well built with our eyes too much on the secular elements of life. We felt the conference led to a much better understanding, even if all they hoped to have us do for them could not be granted. The meeting closed with a feeling of spiritual uplift and goodwill.

The evening dinner with one of our good Indian families was a rich experience. Of course our hosts gave us the best and it was a feast of good things indeed. We ate with our fingers in true Indian style. Bro. Miller proved himself an expert in this art, as he is in so many other fine things. They regarded it an honor to have us, they said; but certainly we felt it a privilege to enjoy their hospitality.

*February 3.* This was a lovely Sunday. We took breakfast with Drs. Cottrell. The writer enjoyed his



Sunday-school class with an English speaking group. Bro. Brubaker gave us the morning sermon on: *Does It Pay to Be a Christian?* The sermon was interpreted by Bro. Satvedi, the Indian pastor of the Bulsar congregation. Both did a good job in their particular parts. It was a joy to see this congregation of more than 200 worshipping together.

Lunch was enjoyed with the Cottrells, followed by a profitable social hour for some of us, while Bro. Miller went to the mission home to speak to about forty or fifty girls from the school. He always has a good message for any group, and this talk was reported as up to standard. The rest of the day was spent in conferences about various matters and in planning for an early start to Khergam.

*February 4.* After breakfast with the Mows we were away for Khergam, "even before day." Our trio, the Mows, the Bulsar pastor and several others made up a car load. It was about seventeen miles from Bulsar to the Khergam station. The morning was a pretty one but the roads were very dusty with perhaps a hundred carts along the way to keep the dust well stirred. We arrived at Khergam before nine o'clock. The church bell was rung and the neighborhood gathered for morning prayers. This is their daily custom, though usually earlier in the day. It was interesting to see farmers from the fields and housewives from the kitchens with their

babies gathering for this service—nearly 200 of them.

After this service we visited the home of our Indian pastor, Naranji Solanky, and his family. And to find a finer family in any land would be a difficult task. The classes in the school were visited, photographs taken and a general survey made of the marvelously well kept grounds. Then we returned to an excellent lunch with Sister Shumaker. This was followed by their annual anniversary and thanksgiving service commemorating the beginning of the Khergam congregation.

Returning to Bulsar in the evening, we were stopped by seven different groups of school children from among the sixteen in the Khergam area. Each of these gave us a song or two and some garlands of flowers. In some instances the whole neighborhood accompanied the school children, and in tears offered their simple gratitude for giving them a school.

## CHAPTER XVI

### FROM STATION TO STATION

FROM Bulsar we went to Vada, where Bro. Shull and family are now located. The first three and a half hours were by train to Palghar; then we took the motor bus thirty miles further to Vada. The trip was uneventful except for the furious dust on the motor trip, which reminded us of twenty-five years ago at home. Arriving at the Shulls we had a royal welcome and a cup of tea. After this we got into the bullock tonga to go five miles out to the jungle to visit a village school. It was a real joy to see the skill and progress evident in this village school.

*February 6.* There is a boarding school in a real rural section thirteen miles out. So we were up early to undertake the trip in a motor car. Part of the road was good, but the last six miles were something that most home folks know little about. On the way we visited another promising village school and drank a cup of tea with its enterprising young teacher. The boarding school at Pinjal was finally reached. Here we found thirty-eight boys and girls, mostly the former, in the midst of a very good school

program. Two more attempts at tea, with its accompaniments in true Indian hospitality, tested the digestive ability of the group. But the sincere and generous hospitality was a benediction to us all. We loaded up teachers and returned to Vada to inspect buildings and have a meeting later in the afternoon.

*February 7.* Last night's talk over the situation at Vada impressed us with the hard work put in here through the years. But some places work is harder than others. This is true all over the world. As limited funds demand the reduction of activities we feel to reduce most where responses seem least and the outlook less promising. One hates to see any work stop, especially because it seems hard; nor will this stop altogether—it could not be stopped if we wanted to—but time and attention may have to shift to other places. Yet one marvels at the promising school among these neglected people of the jungle. We were off at eight on our motor bus for Palghar and north to Anklesvar. Bro. Shull reminded us that, since our stations are scattered along the coast of the Arabian Sea, much like the cities in Palestine, it was a trip from Beersheba to Dan.

At Anklesvar we met Brethren Moomaw and Lichty with many of the Indian church. After a washing, which was more than necessary, we went to the church to enjoy a service of welcome from our Indian Christians. How we wished the home

church could have witnessed this service! Here were 300 promising folks with beaming and intelligent faces, mostly young. Many were from the vocational and girls' school here, since it was an hour in the afternoon when the busy folks could not come. Here in their neat and well arranged church, their singing, their devotion, the progress in eight years, the staunch and intelligent bearing of the Indian elder in charge—all of this and more made an impression long to be remembered.

After our evening meal we had a station meeting for discussing the work and the best use of our time. How we did wish we could have more time and wisdom. But it is a joy to be a part of a program that is changing the face of the world.

*February 8.* We were up early to attend prayers at the chapel service of the Vocational Training School. Here is a group of more than 125 youths who will change life and thinking in much of India. This school has justly gotten a reputation beyond our own mission. It is attended by those from other missions, as is also the girls' school here. How to use available material, however simple, how to associate all learning with life, how to remember the truths of the Bible as indicated by modeling, stories and actual life and conduct, were assured by the methods and activities we saw. Then this interesting visit had to be concluded in order to write a few

letters and these daily notes. At three in the afternoon we started for Umalla and Vali.

*February 9-12.* These were four days among the villages of India, mostly under conditions where typewriters were a nuisance and time at too great a premium to share with others notes of the many scenes. The village schools we saw were out from the Umalla-Vali station and the eastern area of the Anklesvar station. At the former station, Bro. A. S. B. Miller and wife and Miss Eliza B. Miller serve. One or more of these accompanied us on the trips to the schools. In this area two rural congregations have been organized known as the Amletha and Jamoli congregations. Each has a membership of about 100. The station congregation of Umalla-Vali has a membership of about 350. In the Amletha congregation lives Dhanjibhai and his good wife. These dear people represent one of the oldest families. Dhanjibhai is about seventy-five years old and has been a Christian for more than thirty-five years. His five children are members and workers as well as all of his grandchildren who are old enough. It was a joy to meet again and pray with this godly father and mother in Israel.

The last twenty-four hours were spent with Bro. D. J. Lichty and wife in their tent work among the villages of the Jitali congregation out from Anklesvar. The very large attendance of 500 or 600 people

gave evidence of the interest either in the gospel or the coming of the deputation. Here is a group of splendid folks eager to make their church work self-supporting. But with caste opposition to Christians in business or employment, how can this transfer be made? With more than 600 Christians to look after, shall they employ a pastor or carry on with the four elders and ministers as heretofore, who are also more than busy in their school programs? These and many other questions must be faced. We were not too well acquainted with all the difficulties and differences. Interpreters may not always be understood. The responsibility of the future work depends on right decisions and trends. If some of you could have been present and heard the heart-searching questions, and seen the poverty of the people, but above all the sincere desire to go forward and do the right thing, you would have understood why one fellow at least did not sleep until it was almost time to get up and start the work of another day.

*February 13.* This was another day at the busy Anklesvar station. The morning was spent in getting some pictures about this same institution, and in noting its splendid standard of work. Fortunate is the boy who has access to such an institution. In the afternoon we had a four-hour session with a committee of Indian leaders on the question of taking over a hospital to help make it self-supporting.

The missionaries gave a community tea in the evening. Six to eight hundred people gathered, and the splendid music, soft light of the moon and beauty of the Indian dress, all contributed to an occasion we shall never forget. After a brief address by the writer and a closing prayer by Bro. Lichty we retired for the night.

*February 14.* We got up at four o'clock in the morning to catch an early train for Ahwa. It was a sleepy trio of wanderers that got on the train an hour later. At Navsari others joined us, and children from as many as four schools gathered by the railroad along the way to greet us. One can easily forget the noise, confusion and dirt in a third-class coach in India with such friendly greetings by the way. At the end of the railroad we were met by Bro. Bollinger. After tea and lunch with a school and its hospitable master, we were on our way across the mountains twenty miles distant to Ahwa. Along the way we stopped with the chief political officer. A friendly chat with this man and his good wife assured us of the goodwill the mission enjoys with those in authority. The greeting at Ahwa by the Christian community and church exceeded all other communities in pomp and show, but the sincerity of it all made one feel welcome indeed. Here Bro. A. F. Bollinger and family and Miss Mary Royer are serving faithfully, though the lat-



ter was away, at the time of our visit, to restore broken health.

*February 15.* This was the day for visiting some village schools. The roads and the distance suggested getting them together at Mahalunga. Here above 150 pupils gathered to meet us with more than that number of neighbors and friends. What a demonstration of interest in a mountain section! The better part of the day was spent here in inspecting schools and enjoying the fellowship of these Indian friends. The chiefs of all surrounding villages were there, one of whom had killed the fatted goat for the visitors. How one could see the possibilities of the church that some day will call these kindly folk to worship together in the knowledge of a loving Father! It was with hope and appreciation that we left them, desiring to return to Ahwa.

*February 16.* We met the Indian leaders and schoolmasters in the forenoon. There seems still to be a great desire for a nurse in this section of the country. While the government has a doctor with an assistant in the town, who makes up with another the whole medical force of the Dangs, yet there seemed a great preference for a white doctor or nurse on the mission staff.

The afternoon was given to a conference with the missionary concerning the future of the work. While the Dangs is a mountain territory, it is both

a needy and promising field. The only schools in the whole area are the village schools of the mission, of which there are eight with 175 pupils, and the day and boarding school at Ahwa. There is a government technical school at Ahwa. Yet the teachers are all Christians and the school is practically supervised by the mission. The community meeting at three o'clock was a large one. Perhaps nowhere are the government and community more co-operative than in this Dangs country.

*February 17.* The Sunday-school was active in all its departments soon after eight o'clock. Some excellent teaching was evident in the interest and attention of the younger groups. Bro. Brubaker followed by a good sermon at the morning service at which there were about 200 present. The afternoon was given to a discussion of mission problems and policies, with some visits to the Christian homes in the community. Bro. Miller gave a most profitable and appreciated talk at night to one hundred people.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MEETINGS AND CONFERENCES

THE morning of Feb. 18 was given to a careful review of the schools. At eleven we were off on a forty-mile trip over a fairly good road to the railroad in the station Ford. Arriving at the railroad station at Navapur, we found a mission of the Scandinavian Alliance with headquarters in Chicago, and we used part of the hour until train time to visit here. Then back to the train, we continued to Vyara, where the district meeting of the Gujarati area was soon to convene. The opening session of the district meeting found about 600 present. What a sight to see this fine group of Christians sitting together on the floor of their beautiful church! We were expected to address them on the motto for their meeting, Building the Church. How we did wish we might speak in their language! But any thoughts expressed were entirely at the mercy of our interpreter and it might be difficult to say who suffered most, the speaker, the interpreter or the audience.

*February 19.* The district meeting convened this morning at eight o'clock. The discussion was around

the theme of the conference, The Building of the Church. Bro. Blough led, speaking on the Foundation. Three Indian leaders followed on The Place of Education, Rural Reconstruction and Woman's Place in Building the Church. The last speaker was an Indian woman. It would have inspired any of our home folk to see this splendid crowd of earnest and cultured Christians in a district meeting.

*February 20-21.* The district meeting continued with a good program. Our impressions of the meeting were: first, that they have perhaps attempted to control too much by the district meeting, assuming too little in the local churches. The district meeting, like our Annual Conference, should aim to guide the progress of the church in harmony and efficiency, rather than to administer so much definite work. The second impression was that, as at home, they have an overemphasis on institutions at the expense of the church. The third impression was that in the changes made and plans for the future these things will be adjusted to the needs of the work. The strength and sincerity of the workers, the new feeling of responsibility in the younger group, all give promise of a rapidly growing church in India.

*February 22.* After two important and heart-stirring conferences we turned to writing some letters home. Lunch was eaten with Brother and Sister Ziegler and Sister Widdowson. Here at this

station is the girls' school, which was visited in the afternoon. Again one was impressed with the order and cleanliness in Indian village life, especially where missions have done their work. It was interesting to see the Indian girls of the school dressed in their beautiful saris. How quickly this garment is adjusted for athletics, house or formal occasions, and much of it without buttons or pins! How fine it would be if one might enjoy a moderate use of machinery and still have the freedom of simplicity and unspoiled beauty! The evening meal and fellowship with the Zieglers filled out the day.

*February 23.* We were up quite early to spend the day at a village nine miles away. No one can enjoy India without a journey over its dusty roads by bullock cart! We expected to see a new congregation organized at Kukakua, an election of a minister, a baptism and a love feast. All of these took place, though through a misunderstanding twenty of the twenty-nine did not come until the next day for baptism. There were 112 communicants at the communion and a general attendance of 350. The new congregation will have something over 200 members. The reverence at this evening service, the group of young men who helped to prepare and serve the meal, the Indian hymns and music were all a benediction and an inspiration. The chief man of the village is an active Christian and

church member. His ability was evident in every move. One man in the village said that in a short time this whole section would be Christian. God grant it!

*February 24.* The Sunday-school convened at nine o'clock and classes were found under the beautiful trees around the mission compound. Here was a class of young men and there a class of women. What a lovely place to worship and think under the shade of a mango tree! After Sunday-school we tried to talk through an interpreter on the many blessings we receive from a kindly Father, and why they come so generously. The faces of the boys and girls from the boarding school prevailed in the good audience present. Bro. Brubaker addressed them in the afternoon on why he believes the Bible. The further evening was given to calls in the Christian homes and several hours of delightful fellowship with all the missionaries of the station.

*February 25.* We made final observations of the property, buildings and gardens around the Vyara station before going to the train at nine. While reduced funds have prevented keeping all property in the finest shape, yet we found things in a well-kept condition. The boys of the school in the gardens hoeing, in the shop with plane and saw, and at the mill grinding, all gave a picture of the thrift and industry which ought to help India in the years

ahead. We left Vyara to stop five hours with our nearest missionary neighbors, the Irish Presbyterians in Surat. Here we were entertained at tea by Rev. James Rogers and his good wife. At this place is the printing press for all Gujarat Christian literature and Bibles, to which our good Bro. Blough devotes about half of his time. This is an old mission, having been nearly 100 years in service here. At five we were off to Anklesvar to spend the night with the workers there.

*February 26.* Bro. Miller talked to the boys in the Vocational Training School and to the junior members at the girls' school. This was followed by a visit to a near-by cotton gin and warehouse, of which there are many in this section of India. In the afternoon we visited the high school in Anklesvar, and also one of our brethren, a cloth merchant, in the city. This man worked for the mission several years, then felt some people must earn their own living if the church in India is to become self-supporting. He had to pay double price for his location, because he was a Christian. That was twenty years ago. Now he has a good business, has raised a large family, generously supports the church and is on its official board.

*February 27.* At the girls' school, a talk on Africa was given while some photographs were taken. This was followed by a conference with the staff of

the vocational school in which appreciation was given for our visit and help. Soon we were away by bullock cart to the station; but fearing to miss the train, we hailed a man with a horse and exchanged conveyances to the embarrassment of both drivers, we fear, all because of the excited rush of three Americans in India! We made the train to Dahanu, the only station not yet visited on this trip. We found Dr. Nickey quite busy and showing fatigue from her heavy work. Sister Hazel Messer, a registered nurse, ably helps, as well as a young Indian doctor. Sister Goldie Swartz is in charge of the school, the baby home and country evangelistic work with a Bible woman—to which the weekly visit of the nurse adds help and interest caring for upwards of half a hundred patients. A well-equipped dispensary on the faithful Ford provides the equipment. The evening was spent in the school where the Christians came for worship and the usual courtesy of giving us garlands of flowers.

*February 28.* This was mail day and letters to America were gotten off. What a privilege it is to get a letter from home at the small postal charge of five cents! And how these letters do find one in the remotest corners of the world! In the afternoon we visited the school, baby home, hospital and dispensary. The latter two are rather busy places, though slackening up some at the time of our visit.



The Dahanu station is just a little over a mile from the Arabian Sea and the beach is beautiful here. Since we had spent so much time on the water, we spent a half hour enjoying the freshness of the sea and in giving the busy doctor and nurse a moment of needed rest. In the evening Brethren Miller and Brubaker talked to the assembled church. This was followed by tea for all the worshipers. The Indians love tea as well as the serving of it, and the Americans present enjoyed drinking it; thus the closing prayer of gratitude was a sincere one.

*March 1.* An hour or two was spent talking with a few Indian workers, some more photographs were taken, and then we proceeded by train to Palghar, just twenty-two miles south, where the annual district meeting in the Marathi language area was about to convene. Arriving at Palghar, we were soon out to the compound where the Shulls met us and supplied a refreshing lunch. After this we inspected the buildings and activities before those attending the district meeting arrived. Here we found a compound of forty acres; also a good school with agricultural and industrial training. The gardens and shops show some splendid work.

*March 2.* We were asked to speak to the district meeting on What Is Expected of the Church in India. This was a good subject to think about, one on which we wished we could speak in the language

of the people. It is easy to get wrong notions about the church. Some feel it is an institution to get as much out of as possible. Some make it an institution in which they can exercise authority. Both at home and on the mission field a few have these wrong impressions. We are persuaded, however, that most people want to do the right thing, if they know what it is. The afternoon program was for young people and was opened by an address by Bro. Brubaker on what their contribution should be. The night session was a Bible drama by a group of rural young people, and one marveled at the talent and ability displayed by this group in their presentation.

*March 3.* The morning Sunday-school classes assembled here and there about the compound. The morning service was somewhat disturbed by the serious illness of one of the lads who came from a country school fifty miles away. He passed away shortly after services. Evidently some heart weakness yielded to an attack of malaria. The lad was an orphan; so a messenger was sent to notify other relatives. It was with mingled feelings of hope and sadness that his body was buried at three o'clock, attended by a group of fellow students and friends. The afternoon program was a challenge to support the church in finance and devotion. At night there was a helpful talk on the ideal church.

*March 4.* The district meeting assembled in busi-

ness session this morning. The usual details of election of officers and the giving of reports began the program. The work moved along about as at an ordinary district meeting at home. Here they use their hands a bit more to emphasize their words, and thus leave the impression of great earnestness. A sense of humor seemed to relieve the tension when this was needed. The meeting closed with another drama by the young people of the Palghar school and community which was a credit to their dramatic skill.

*March 5.* By this time we were used to packing up to go on to the next place. So we were at it early to go to Bulsar for the mission conference and its necessary committee meetings. On the train we met others on the way, and many problems got their "first over" in this preliminary fellowship. At Bulsar we were placed in a hospital room for the time of our stay—there may have been a reason! The afternoon and evening were given to a meeting of an executive committee composed of the chairmen of five important committees.

*March 6.* Many committees were in session this day. They dealt with workers, evangelism, schools, property, finances and all the rest. First we were with the finance committee, then with the workers' committee awhile. The latter's problems have decided financial relations. There is no trouble to get

workers, but how to provide a living is the question. Do they need more missionaries? Seemingly there is no end to needs and opportunities, but how to provide a living is the real question. Then getting the right folks into the right place is no small problem, especially if there is an inclination to stay elsewhere! The evening brought the opening address of the mission conference, which was just a fatherly talk by the writer on *Some Overlooked Things That Bring Joy and Success Into Our Work*.

*March 7.* We agreed to push aside our formal program and face our problems at once—after the Bible hour by Bro. Brubaker. This was a fitting opening for the conference on the challenge of Christ to all. The first matter of business was the report of a survey of schools, and of boarding schools in particular. This required the whole day. The report was comprehensive and looked toward a radical reduction of boarding schools. But closing boarding schools is much like closing colleges in the home church. The mission faced the matter bravely and cautiously.

*March 8.* After completing a few things left over on the report of the educational survey, the attention of the conference was directed to the subject of organizing churches on the mission field and how to relate these churches to the various tasks of the mission. Three of our very good Indian leaders were

present in this discussion and helped to give us their viewpoint, which was helpful. It seems clear to us that there must be some way of placing more responsibility on the organized churches. If a majority of the people were literate, or if the government could provide schools for all, the matter would be simple. But here and there are much needed village schools within the bounds of the congregations that the mission must encourage and support. In the afternoon the mission was in regular session to consider committee reports. There were special reports on literature, schools and other work. The night session was given over to all special committees to prepare their work for meetings on the following day.

*March 9.* The conference this day was opened with the morning Bible hour on Jesus and Truth. The thought of the hour was a challenge to put aside all cant, show and hypocrisy and live genuinely and sincerely before men, because we are both Christians and missionaries. Then followed further prepared reports from the regular committees. Many interesting things were freely discussed, such as whether or not a mission hospital could be self-supporting or not without losing its Christian purpose among a poverty-stricken people. Much of the afternoon was given to various committees to face problems in smaller groups. At night, through the

kindness of the municipal school library in town, and with the help of Mr. Moffatt and son of Bombay who furnished the projector, we all had an opportunity of seeing the moving pictures that Bro. Brubaker had been taking along the way in India.

*March 10.* The Bulsar church has a well attended Sunday-school and classes resorted to the shade of surrounding trees for their recitations. We tried to give the morning sermon on some of the probable things in Jesus' mind when he said "It is expedient for you that I go away." It was a real challenge to face an audience of intelligent and interested people like the one at Bulsar. These are the things that make one feel that missions do pay—to see a group such as would be a credit to the average congregation at home. After the service, Lois Beahm Mow was baptized by Bro. Brubaker.

In the afternoon Bro. Brubaker gave a talk on his impressions of the Passion Play. This talk was much appreciated. Following this a group of us accompanied Bro. Blough on a visit to some of his friends in the town of Bulsar. Among others, we visited two men, both goldsmiths, who are Christian at heart. They told stories of divine leading and blessing that stirred one's soul. But they have not yet broken with Hinduism. There are tens of thousands of such all over India who will some day lead multitudes to Christ. They read their Bibles

daily at work or leisure. These friendly ones constitute one of the greatest fruits of Christian missions which can not now be counted.

*March 11.* The morning Bible hour was on the subject of Jesus and the Bible. The general discussion which followed was on the varying fruitage of different evangelistic methods on the mission field. Immediately following dinner, committees were here and there at work on the more delicate and difficult problems, preparing them for the open afternoon session. Bro. Brubaker was off to another station to help solve some problems, while we remained to help with others. The evening brought its reminder of our birthday. Our comrades let out the secret somehow, and following the supper hour we were thrilled by a procession of the children of the mission carrying candles, flowers and a great birthday cake, singing, "Happy birthday to you!" One never grows too old to enjoy such an occasion—except that when it comes so suddenly he hardly knows what to say.

*March 12.* The problems before the conference this morning covered items of every description, such as: consideration of furloughs, why the falling gifts to missions, where to cut next, and a host of other things. It was finally decided that we should look toward closing two stations in the Marathi area of our India field. These stations have not been as

responsive as some others, yet the workers felt the harvest was near; it was therefore hard to think of closing up the work. But such are the stubborn facts when we can not supply adequate workers. In the afternoon we faced other difficult matters.

*March 13.* We had thought to close up the conference yesterday, but new problems demanded more time and thought. The executive committee, with the deputation, were together in the early morning hours for further attention to some unfinished tasks. The question of the place of supervision in schools and other activities came up. Supervision requires sympathy, insight and inspiring leadership. It was finally decided that Sister Anna Warstler should be released to supervise religious education, and that so far as time would permit, those in charge of the Vocational School at Anklesvar should guide and help to unify the work in the various village schools. The closing session was one of consecration led by Bro. J. M. Blough.

We took the evening meal with Bro. G. K. Satvedi, the pastor of the Bulsar church. It was a real joy to share the hospitality of this fine Christian family, as well as the splendid India food prepared. Many farewells were said, especially to those of the mission whom we would not meet again. We left on the midnight train to visit the mission of the American United Presbyterians in the Punjab.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### A CIRCUIT THROUGH NORTH INDIA

WE were off early on the celebrated train of India, The Frontier Mail. This train left Bulsar at 12: 30 A. M., and our compartment not being too much crowded we were soon asleep for short periods of rest. We traveled inter-class which is the cheapest possible on this train, which means that our tickets cost about \$9, for a trip of over 1,100 miles to the northern part of the Punjab. On waking up in the morning we found two Indian gentlemen who spoke English well, and on further conversation found that one was the son and the other the secretary of Pundit M. M. Malaviya, who has been four times president of the National Congress of India and is now at the head of the Benares Hindu University. Of course this celebrated gentleman was in another compartment in first-class. We found later that Bishop B. T. Badley of Bombay was also in a second-class compartment of the same train. The latter joined us later in a very helpful conversation on the outlook of Christian work in India. Being in inter-class we could not go to the restaurant car for food, but we could

have it brought to us in our compartment. So while in America such service costs more, here in this land of caste and class if you travel in a low enough class you get special delivery of food at a reduced cost!

Central western India, through which we passed, was rather dry and inclined toward a desert. The day was hot and the dust penetrated everywhere. At Delhi in the evening we left Bro. Miller in the kindly care of Mr. Badley, a Methodist missionary and brother of the bishop. Here he spent four days in the capital of India, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. Meanwhile we went on northward to see the mission work of the United Presbyterian Church, the chief purpose of our trip.

*March 15.* On waking we found ourselves in a more beautiful part of India. Timely rains had made the country green. Great waving fields of wheat were everywhere. The irrigation canals were large and numerous. After leaving Delhi our compartment was more crowded. In the group was almost every conceivable kind of humanity in dress, religion, color and occupation. Most of those aboard were quite agreeable considering the circumstances. It is rather remarkable how much of the spirit of human kindness is in the hearts of most people when thrown together into a state of dependence upon each other. We passed through Lahore, Amritsar and other celebrated cities that have interesting histories.

We arrived at our destination at Sialkot about 1: 30 P. M. We found we were about eighteen miles from the station of Rev. J. G. Campbell whom we desired to see. A motor truck was found that would take us the eighteen miles for about twelve cents; but we had to wait until the load was made up, which required an hour and a half. At the mission station we found that Mr. Campbell had driven thirty miles to get us at another station! After our host and ourselves had recovered from this disappointment we sat down to a most interesting evening, talking about their work and the methods used through eighty years. While they have developed a lot of self-supporting churches, they feel their reputation outside is rather more than they deserve, and that a revival of purpose for self-support among the Indians themselves is the basis for progress.

*March 16.* Here we are in the Punjab, one of India's most fertile sections. The villages are built on the ruins of those that have perished through the centuries, which lifts them above the vast level areas in every direction. First in the morning Mr. Campbell took us in his Ford to help settle a difficulty in a church twenty miles away, where a Christian had come under suspicion in the stealing of a cow. This adjusted, we returned for breakfast. In the afternoon we went to a village church to conduct an examination of the progress of its members in the

knowledge of the Scriptures. These self-supporting pastors are supposed to teach simple courses of Bible information and stories. Certificates are given for evident progress. This group had not done so well; so the pastor got a bit of stimulus from the missionary. Such a test at home might make it embarrassing for some.

*March 17.* The snow-capped Himalayas, a hundred miles away, were most beautiful in the morning sunlight and remained clearly visible during the day. How the majesty of these highest mountains of the world thrilled us! Their marvelous beauty can be imagined better than described. After an early lunch we were off to an afternoon service in the village church. Here the attendance was unusually large and a vigorous sermon by the missionary was listened to attentively. A few remarks by the visitors were added. The drive home presented the mountains in the glory of the evening sun.

*March 18.* Our good host, Rev. J. G. Campbell, took us thirty miles to Gujranwalla, where we visited the theological seminary, also a most modern industrial school and took lunch with Rev. Hugh Milne, the evangelist in charge of another group of village churches. He drove us to one of his village churches in the afternoon where an unusual audience for Monday was present. We were asked to preach, which we tried to do. The pastor of this con-

gregation is one of those alert leaders who would do a good work anywhere. His good wife stands right by him in his task, which is always essential to good work. A brief visit in their home was enlightening as to how these Indian pastors handle these churches. Their support is not large. Most of it is paid in grain or such things as farmers can give. No minister is recommended for ordination unless he has been asked by some church to be the pastor on the basis of self-support. The evening in the Milne home was a delightful one.

*March 19.* We gave our good friends farewell and took the train for Lahore and Amritsar. We stopped at Lahore two hours to make train connections, but did not have time to visit anything of interest. At Amritsar we went to see the Golden Temple of the Sikhs. The temple is covered with gold on copper over the entire dome and upper story. This gives the temple its name. It is more than 300 years old. It is surrounded by water and reached by a marble bridge. The golden temple is the center of many other altars and buildings. You must remove your shoes to enter the grounds. Cloth sandals are supplied. Worship continues for twenty-one hours out of every day. All people may take part, whatever their religion. They give free meals to more than 1,000 people daily. No charge is made for anything within the temple area. The service

for preparing these meals is done gratuitously. All Sikhs consider it an honor to render this service. They have no priests, they claim, all people being equal. Committees who carry responsibility are elected by the people. There are five million of these interesting people in the world, mostly in north India. Both men and women wear long hair and the men wear beards. They are commonly thought of as a fierce military people, but our guide felt that this spirit is largely a thing of the past, even though every Sikh man or woman still carries a short sword. One turns from such a place with mingled feelings, for while there are many things worthy of emulation, there are others that stir doubt and fear.

*March 20.* We awoke this morning on the way to Landour. We reached the foot of the mountain at 8:30 o'clock and were soon in a good Studebaker lorry that carried us up one of the most interesting mountain rides in the world—twenty miles for about fifty cents. The motor road terminated at Mussorie, and there were yet several miles to the top over which one might ride in a ricksha, be carried on the shoulders of four men in a dandy, or walk. It was a little after noon when we reached the bungalow where our missionaries stay when in the hills. Lunch was ready and all appetites were good. We were glad to have Bro. Miller back in our party, as he had remained with friends in Delhi while we were visit-

ing missions in the Punjab. After lunch we spent three very profitable hours in conference with Dr. J. W. Pickett, who has about as much first-hand information on missions in India as any other man, and who is the author of a recent book on mass movements in India. A few minutes on these mountain tops at sunset made us feel the inspiration of the view. The evening with our hostess, Sister Mae Wolf Miller, and her family, also with Susan Stoner and Emma Zeigler, was an hour of thought about our great work at home and abroad.

*March 21.* We were due at the Woodstock School for chapel, but the writer had to forego this privilege owing to severe illness during the night. But we understand there are about 360 students in this school, mostly children of missionaries, though others carefully selected are in attendance. This school has helped to make this mountain top a retreat for missionaries. Our missionaries are most fortunate to have this good school and such a place of rest. Here they can come at a minimum of cost and have a maximum of service and change. At four o'clock we had tea with Susan Stoner and Emma Zeigler, who are both teaching in Woodstock this year. The services of these teachers are much appreciated and Mr. Parker, head of the school, spoke in the highest terms of our missionaries and their spirit of co-operation.

*March 22.* This morning we visited the grave of Bro. Chas. H. Brubaker, who was our first missionary to lay down his life in India. His body lies under the splendor of these eastern skies, and surrounded by the most beautiful rhododendron we had ever seen. We bade farewell to our good hostess and family in the afternoon and started down the mountainside toward the plains. We hesitated to leave this beauty spot, especially when friends said that thermometers were registering 100 on the plains below.

*March 23.* At 6: 30 o'clock we found ourselves nearing the station at Delhi, which is the capital of India. Here Rev. T. H. Badley met us and took us to his hospitable home. Like all missionaries, he and his good wife made us at home and happy to be with them. Between other duties he gave us of his time and car to see the city. The capital was removed here from Calcutta several years ago. This capital, known as New Delhi, is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. One marvels at the money England is putting into its development. The present city is the eighth to be built, others having been destroyed by invasions. New Delhi is thus being erected on the ruins of tombs and forts of ancient cities. Bullock carts and motor cars vie with each other for space on its streets. Modern ivory palaces and museums compete with street vendors in



the sale of the finest handcraft work in brass and ivory. Modern memorial arches and magnificent parliament buildings give a striking contrast to ancient tombs and towers erected six to eight centuries ago. Wide drives and boulevards in New Delhi make the streets of the ancient city look like crowded cowpaths in a mountain pass. Thus one faces contrasts everywhere. Delhi is the fourth city in size in British India and the fifth in all India.

*March 24.* We attended services in English at a Union Free church. The sermon was by a Wesleyan Methodist minister. He made an earnest plea for the claims of Christianity on the hearts of men in all the world. It was a sincere and helpful discourse. In the afternoon we attended services in the Methodist Mission church and inspected the grounds of the girls' school in which there are about 200 students. The church is a new one and very splendid. Bishop Robinson is located here and his residence is hard by this synagogue of worship. We spent another delightful evening with the Badleys discussing common problems of the great task of missions.

*March 25* we were off on a little side trip to see the Taj Mahal as a change from the constant thought of missions and mission policy. This famous tomb is at Agra, about 100 miles from Delhi. We arrived at noon and went to see the famous fort

within which the emperor, who built the Taj Mahal as a memorial to his beloved wife, lived amid great luxury. His palace is now mostly in ruins. We arrived at the Taj Mahal at a little after four o'clock. It is said by many to be the most beautiful structure in all the world. In many respects its claim to this distinction can not be denied. Its erection was begun in 1631 and it took 20,000 men twenty years to complete it. It is built of white marble and much of the interior is inlaid with precious stones of every kind. The surrounding gardens are most beautiful. One marvels at the engineering skill of those early days and the magnificent handicraft that produced such a massive and balanced thing of beauty and splendor. The bodies of both the emperor and his wife are buried in this shrine, though it was erected exclusively for her.

## CHAPTER XIX

### LAST DAYS WITH THE MISSION

MARCH 26 was spent on the train to Anklesvar. We certainly had a chance to feel the heat of India's hottest season. The heat was aggravated by dust until every section of one's wardrobe and anatomy was covered. One had increasing sympathy for many Hindu customs calling for the copious use of water. But again we had to be careful, as we were crossing one of India's central deserts. There are places north where the mountains are snow-capped, the air bracing and moisture abundant. But wait until monsoon time and rain will come here, too! It rained sixteen inches in one day at Vyara last summer. So India is all right, only we have not selected the right time for this trip.

*March 27-29.* Here we were ready for the retreat of the missionary men and about twice their number of Indian leaders. Two of the latter were detained on account of illness, for which we were sorry. There were about thirty of us altogether. We lived the three days in ashram fashion for the sake of the closest fellowship and understanding.

Bro. Blough gave the opening address on the Meaning of Following Christ. It was deeply helpful to all. Then the writer tried to outline the purposes and possibilities of these days and how to get the most out of them.

We felt the retreat was quite valuable in promoting better understanding, Christian fellowship and a united devotion to the cause. The meeting closed as we sat together for our last meal. It was an hour of deep feeling and appreciation in spite of the rush for the train that immediately followed. The deputation spent the afternoon in writing and in visiting the grave of Sister Jennie Blough Miller. Graves on mission fields become shrines to which one turns with precious memories and deep devotion.

*March 30.* At noon we left for Anklesvar, on our final leave-taking from India. It was not easy to leave comrades in service, even though we were anxious to turn our faces toward home. The morning was used getting ready. We started home with mingled feelings of regret and joy—joy in the progress of the work we found; but with regret that after we were about well enough acquainted to talk intelligently, and help more effectively in the many problems involved in the work, we had to leave. So we said farewell and turned toward Bombay. We stopped at Navsari and Jalalpor to visit the mission station with Sister Sadie Miller and take dinner

with Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Fox at the hospital. Later in the evening we took leave of these good friends and started for Bulsar, where we stopped for the night. Here we were invited to share a bit of ice cream with the Mows. It was both a wedding and a birthday anniversary. The night was spent at the hospitable home of the Cottrells.

*March 31.* Sunday morning, and since Bro. G. K. Satvedi, the pastor, was ill, the writer was asked to preach. This he attempted to do, touching on the place and necessity of the Christian church, concluding with an appeal to India Christians to stand by the church and her message of life and hope. At three o'clock we said good-by to the good friends of Bulsar and Khergam, and under a tropical sun started southward. My comrades went through to Bombay, while the writer stopped at Dahanu to see the Bollingers. They had lost twins a few days before. We were glad to spend the night with them and share partially in their loss. We also called on some of our Indian Christians who were sick, among them the local doctor who helps Dr. Nickey, also a splendid young girl who is fighting that dread disease, tuberculosis.

*April 1.* After several conferences with workers and a final farewell we were off with Bro. Bollinger for Bombay. We arrived in the city at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon after a very hot ride. We went to

the good home of Bro. Blickenstaff where we shared tea with our gracious hostess and comrades who came in the day before. Here we met some missionaries looking toward furloughs in America. Those who can enjoy the hospitality and good fellowship of this home are to be congratulated. The afternoon was given to letter writing and an adjustment of accounts—an appropriate day for American citizens, since it was April 1. In the evening we visited Neighborhood House, a mission project conducted by Dr. Clifford Manshardt under the Congregational Board.

*April 2.* The forenoon was given to buying needed things before starting for China. We met Dr. F. F. Goodsell, Executive Secretary of the Congregational Board, who was leaving to cover their missions in Africa. So he went west as we turned east. We took an evening walk and saw many of the thousands who sleep on the streets of Bombay arranging their blankets for the night. While most of these were men, yet women and children were to be found here and there. Thousands of pedestrians walked by with apparent indifference to their fellow citizens lying in the streets. One could not help but be moved at the sight of such poverty.

*April 3.* By previous arrangement, we visited the towers of silence on Malabar Hill. These are the places where the Parsis or Zoroastrians place their

dead. The towers are circular enclosures into which bodies of the dead are laid. In a short time the ever present vultures remove all flesh from the bones. The Parsis worship fire, water and earth as the pure elements of God's creation, and therefore feel they can not burn or bury in the earth the body which would defile. There are five of these towers in the city. No persons except the bearers of a body ever enter these enclosures. Neither can any one look in. Even airplanes are forbidden to fly over them.

In the evening, also through special arrangements by Bro. Blickenstaff, we were permitted to visit the burning ghats of the Hindus. As is generally known, the Hindus burn their dead, at least all over eighteen months of age. While the places of burning would seem a bit crude beside the modern crematories of the west, yet the burning is reverently managed, as we observed in the burning of the body of a young mother of twenty-five years. The fire was brought from the family home to light the wood, which was piled up between iron posts. The body was wrapped in cloth, after many ceremonials, and put in the midst of this tier of wood. The immediate family had much to do with the ceremony and seats were arranged for the comfort of all mourners who were not otherwise engaged. For the most part we were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

*April 4.* This day we faced one of the problems of all travelers when we were informed that the boat we planned to sail on had cabled there was no room for three weary wanderers. Once before we were refused the privilege of exchanging tickets with another line of boats; now we were obliged to run the risk of doing this, or of choosing to wait ten days to get started toward China. This taught us that buying round-the-world tickets may be cheaper to begin with, but if one's time has any value, it might be well to buy as he goes. So the day was an anxious one, spent awaiting replies from cables and telegrams.

*April 5.* Replies from cables indicated there was room for us on a French mail boat leaving Colombo, Ceylon, on April 9. This boat promised to save us an extra week for China and some little in fare, provided our other money paid for tickets would be returned, of which there seemed little doubt. So the day was a busy one, spent caring for the details of the next lap of our journey. We boarded the Madras Express early in the afternoon. The Express was a good train with fairly good sleeping cars. We said farewell to our last genial hosts, the Blickenstaffs, and started on our hot and tiresome journey to Colombo. We passed through a good section of India in the vicinity of Poona and soon after found ourselves surrounded by the darkness of the night.



## CHAPTER XX

### SOUTH INDIA AND CEYLON

MORNING came with the promise of a very hot day. Our companions in the compartment were two British soldiers and several Indian gentlemen who spoke English well. All of these friends, while having different interests in life, proved to be quite genial and helpful. From them we found that in the late forenoon we were passing through a country which had received no rain for four years. The people were moving out on account of famine. We arrived in Madras, the third largest city in India, at about four o'clock. Here we had to change trains and depots as well. We were made to weigh baggage again and pay a little more excess tax. Indian railways carry about half of what is allowed on our American roads. This annoyance adjusted, we were off to the other station where we faced the matter of excess baggage again. By this time we were about bankrupt financially and exhausted physically. My advice to travelers is always to travel light; but in spite of this advice to others and some determination on your own part to live up to this advice, friends at both ends

of the journey often cause one to make other plans.

*April 7.* There had been rain during the night. It was a joy to see the green fields and the small lakes of water across the plains of southern India. The weather was slightly cooler because of the nearness of the sea and less of the dry dusty plains about us. So the day was a fairly pleasant one. As we approached the channel that divides the island of Ceylon from the mainland of India we at times were almost surrounded by water. At about five o'clock we reached the end of land and transferred to a boat for two hours of delightful sailing until we reached Ceylon.

*April 8.* We arrived in Colombo on time. After an hour or two, all plans were made for sailing on the *Porthos* of the French Mail line to Hongkong. Colombo, we found, is a city of nearly 300,000 and most cosmopolitan in population, customs and commercial interests. Ceylon is under British rule, and while closely connected with India, has its own money system and postage stamps. The island is noted agriculturally for its varieties of tropical fruits, but more especially for its cocoanuts and tea. The latter is the dried leaves of a well-kept bush or shrub trimmed to about three feet in height. The leaves are gathered more or less continuously throughout the year, withered, rolled, sifted and dried. Growers told us the higher ground produces

the finest flavors, but this is so blended with poorer grades that few people ever get the best of Ceylon tea. Near midnight our boat came in and soon after we fell asleep as we proceeded on our way to China.

*April 9.* We found our ship to be a good one of 18,000-ton capacity, and not crowded at all in this off season. Most of those on board spoke French, and but three besides ourselves could speak English. One of these was a Scotch lady who is the principal of a Hindu girls' college in Ceylon, on her way to Singapore for a few weeks' holiday and rest. Another was an Indian Mohammedan, an exporter, on his way to Kobe, Japan, where he has an office. The other was a tea planter in Ceylon who was broken in health and bound for Kobe for a few weeks' rest and change.

*April 10.* After a good night's rest everybody felt fit and ready to work. Letters were written and impressions recorded. As we turned from India we thought of our visit there, what it had meant and what good might result. Had the trip been fully justified? Had we done all that we could? There are both advantages and difficulties in creating a church among a people who know nothing about Christianity. There are advantages in not having too many traditions in methods and procedure, but tremendous difficulties in getting converts to see the real meaning of Christianity.

*April 11.* Another promising day dawned on these southern seas. The ocean was very smooth, yet several passengers reported illness during the night. A smooth sea grows monotonous, even though the porpoises entertained us with fine exhibitions. Our ship ran into a school of them and many hundreds would gracefully spring up out of the water and as gracefully disappear. It was a beautiful sight, and the largest number of them the writer had ever seen at any one time. Between letter writing we had time to read the *Messengers* which we had been unable to see for several months. Even some letters were reread. So the day was full of things to think about, talk over and plan for the future.

*April 12.* The shores of the large Island of Sumatra, lined by beautiful palm trees, were visible all day to the south of us. It is interesting to think how much of this old world has never been explored even by globe trotters. All places are well known to somebody; but nobody knows it all, at least from any careful observation. Those of our passengers who had suffered from the effects of illness recovered and were more cheerful. What an effect a bit of pain has on one's spirits! Sometimes a lecture on conduct or ethics might well be preceded by a bit of good food or needed medicine. But then there are those of us who always feel better after lecturing others for errors, and so need an outlet too!

## CHAPTER XXI

### SINGAPORE AND SAIGON

JUST finished reading Basil Mathew's new book, *The Jew and the World Ferment*. Perhaps no people in the world have been so much misunderstood and criticized without reason as the Jews. Mr. Mathews thinks this is the reason why they have become so successful and the power in the world they are today. Most of the day we had a vision of land on either side—Sumatra to the right and the Malay Peninsula to the left. Two of our English speaking passengers were to go as far as Singapore. This we knew would leave only our Mohammedan exporter with whom we could converse. So we smiled with our French friends, this being the limit of conversation. On the whole the passengers proved a very decent lot. At night there was a storm.

*April 14-15.* Palm Sunday in the strange port at Singapore! The day dawned rather cool for the tropics, but soon turned very hot. We were anxious to get our mail, from Thos. Cook & Sons, also to get a cable off to Moy Gwong, giving the time of our arrival at Hongkong. We succeeded in getting the cable off, but it was Sunday and Cooks took

good care of the mail, for which they were responsible. Their men to the ships were not permitted to handle it. Our boat left in five hours after docking, so the best we could do was to look at the desk where mail is delivered, and go away without it. We left a note to send our mail to Hongkong where we hoped to get it in two weeks. Promptly at noon our boat pulled out of the harbor and we were on the way north to Saigon, French Indo-China.

Aboard ship we were again impressed with the power of a game in breaking down race prejudice. A Mohammedan Indian was playing ping-pong with a Buddhist Chinese; both were skilled in the game. After laughing and playing for some time, they shook hands and walked away as friends. There is more hope in ping-pong than in battleships for building goodwill among men!

*April 16.* This turned out to be a hot morning on the China Sea, with our good boat *Porthos* pushing north toward Saigon, the capital and metropolis of French Indo-China. We went up the Saigon River forty miles to the city. What a fine ride this was! Indo-China is a great rice producing country, with lumber, some rubber and other products of a tropical land. It is larger than the home country, France, though not so thickly populated. Saigon impressed us as a rapidly developing French center. The city has a population of about 150,000 of whom 5,000

are French. The rest of the people look more like the Chinese. The city has some magnificent buildings, parks and gardens. Another city, more native than Saigon, lies adjacent to it and represents the quaintness of the east. Everybody we saw seemed happy. The man who pulled my richsha for an hour had a smile that was worth much more than I paid him for the hour's ride.

*April 17.* A visit was made to the modern museum and splendid gardens. The French have developed a large marine and military force, most of whom are Frenchmen from the homeland. The barracks and equipment for this force are most excellent and modern, and one can easily sympathize with the natives who object to such a large part of their taxes going into this part of a western program. The religion of the city is Catholic for the most part, and magnificent cathedrals abound in the city. On some better streets the shops, though not so large as in Paris, are quite as well equipped with modern goods of French manufacture. The streets in the evening were crowded with children returning from school, indicating that every effort is being put forth to bring literacy and culture into this oriental city. One saw all colors of people, indicating that there is much intermingling of races in these far-away places.

*April 18.* Our good ship left Saigon harbor at

three in the morning. Dawn found us passing out to sea. We hoped the floating clouds would bring us cooler weather. We were informed that the requirement of a coat at lunch and dinner no longer applied, since the ship inspector was not on board. We trust that for the comfort of his passengers, he will make his next trip of inspection when the weather is cooler! Another irritation and confusion was the frequent changing of money. We changed money four times in ten days, each kind having a different value. To straighten up our accounts required more fractions, arguments, guessing and doubts than you can imagine. But in such circumstances it was fine to be brethren.

*April 19.* This day it was cooler and the fresh breezes a relief from the tropical heat of the past several weeks. The change put freshness into everything and everybody. My comrades showed it in their faces and in their step. The evening gave an opportunity for a long talk with our Mohammedan friend on the subject of Christianity. He has an admiration for Christ as to character and life that perhaps exceeds that of some Christians. But that Christ loves and seeks men to bring them back to God in forgiveness and love is a new story this man seems unable to understand and accept. However, this love of Christ has conquered many who have been further from God than this Mohammedan.



## CHAPTER XXII

### THE STOP IN SOUTH CHINA

THE day before Easter found us far from home and the services of this holy day, but fortunately no further from God and hope than at home; so we found much to bring richness into this day. Since we were soon to bid farewell to our good ship, the *Porthos*, the day was spent in writing the last necessary letters, paying our bills and trying to get the information necessary to attend to needed business quickly and get out toward the work of our Bro. Moy Gwong in the Sunning County of South China. We cabled to secure our mail without fail this time, since we missed it at Singapore. The cool weather continued and there arose the question of what we ought to wear as we started several hundred miles into the interior of South China, and of course could not take all our baggage along. But just what to wear is always an uncertain matter in strange climates.

*April 21.* As we were stirring around early to get off at Hongkong, a messenger came from the Eastern Telegraph and Cable Company saying that the cable sent a week before from Singapore to Moy

Gwong could not be delivered. So it was no use to look for Moy Gwong to meet us, since he was expecting us five days later on another boat. What to do? We decided to get hotel accommodations, go to church, and then get busy on plans. The cable company admitted that the message should have been mailed, since the full address was paid for. The easiest thing for the British officer in charge was to blame the ignorance of the Chinese. We went to the Union church in the city and heard a good Easter sermon. After lunch we went immediately to see a friend of Bro. Miller in the city, who ten years ago was a missionary in the Canton area. We felt she might know Moy Gwong's section of China. We found her, and while she did not know this part of the country, she did know a Congregationalist Chinese pastor who helped us find the way, giving us instructions both in Chinese and English. The rest of the day was spent in the very good home of Bro. Miller's friends, Mr. Skipton and wife, she being a former resident of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*April 22.* The forenoon was given to making more certain our plans to get to Shanghai. We adjusted some matters and arranged for the trip to visit Moy Gwong. Our problem was that Moy Gwong might come in early to meet our boat, and we would miss him on the way. So much anxiety was felt and every possible avenue considered to prevent

missing him. These plans made, our friends, the Skiptons, took us around the island of Hongkong in their car. The city is on a hill indeed. A cable road to the summit gives a beautiful view of the harbor and the city with a population of over 800,000. After this, Bro. Brubaker and myself were off to the boat on our way to Sunning while Bro. Miller agreed to stay with his friends, since it was so uncertain whether we would see Moy Gwong. The night was calm and we lay down on our hard wooden beds for what rest we could get.

*April 23.* We found ourselves in the harbor of Paak Kai. Here we changed from our boat to a train to Sunning city. This transfer was made satisfactorily and soon we were going through the rice fields, where men, women and children were planting rice in fields covered with six inches to a foot of water. With this active life in evidence about us, the ride was quite interesting indeed. But we could not help thinking about the possibility of Moy Gwong being on the way in. We looked at every passing train and bus to see if he might be on it. But then to be able to see him among thousands of Chinese was not the most assuring outlook. We passed many trains. Finally, we stopped by a train on a sidetrack and then, sure enough, I thought I saw our brother. Almost at the same moment he saw us, jumped out and got on our train just as

it was moving on. Well, we felt better and thanked the Lord. We had confessed the blindness of our trip, but knew the Lord would go before. For one, I shall always feel that the Lord was helping in all that made this contact possible.

Our visit to Moy Gwong began then, for we did not have too much time. At Sunning we had time to visit the Presbyterian Boys' School of over 350, the Y. M. C. A., and the Congregational Boys' School of over 100. Then an hour's ride in a bus brought us safely to the mission school and the home of Moy Gwong. We found ourselves in a beautiful and thickly settled section of China. We had set our plans for a good Chinese supper, but were invited to a meal of stewed and fried oysters which are plentiful in this section.

*April 24.* School was to begin at 8: 30 o'clock, but many boys and girls began to gather as early as seven in the morning. Besides those in the school about thirty-five women and three men came out. They were attentive and much appreciation was shown for our visit. After lunch we attempted to see some of the surrounding mission schools, but only got to that of the Southern Baptists when our car failed us. We returned after this to a conference about some mission details. The evening was given to another meeting with the school staff, on which there are five beside Moy Gwong, all apparently

well chosen and interested in the spiritual results of the work.

*April 25.* We were up at 4: 30 for an early breakfast and to catch a bus at 6: 30 to return to Sunning and Hongkong. Bro. Moy Gwong went with us as far as Paak Kai. We discussed the mission and its best interests on the way. We feel a good work is being done here. The Chinese in America could do nothing better than support this work, which means so much to their families in the home community. At Paak Kai we took a few minutes to visit the work of the United Church of Canada. We found a splendid location and compound with hospital, school and church. The visit in the home of Rev. W. R. McKay was so delightful that in order to make the boat we had to climb on it after it had left its dock and was in motion; so there was no time lost out of the few minutes between train and boat at Paak Kai. We reached Hongkong by midnight and by special arrangements stayed on our boat until morning.

*April 26.* Our good Chinese steward, who had promised us that we might sleep in the morning as we desired, called at six saying, "Eet is six o'clock; what time you geetie up?" We accepted this as a hint that we should be on the move, and were soon on the way to our hotel in the city, until we could

make plans for our sailing to Shanghai, also tentative plans for our homeward journey across the Pacific. It was good to think of the home-going, though two months off.

The city of Hongkong, indeed all of China, we found in a great uproar over America's silver policy. The papers were bringing out special editions telling of its effect on Chinese commerce. People were smuggling silver out of the country and customs officers had been increased without too much success. We heard of people carrying dimes to the banks seeking to exchange them for silver dollars, since the dollars have more silver than the dimes or other subsidiary coins. This resulted in the banks refusing to exchange them. Many other items, humorous and tragic, appeared in the headlines.

We had the pleasure of dinner again with the Skiptons, and with them went to a reception for Dr. T. Z. Koo and his good wife. This gave us a chance to have some minutes of fellowship with this great Christian leader of China. He was expecting to come to America during the summer and stay for the Student Volunteer Convention during the winter.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### BY BOAT AND TRAIN TO SHANSI

ON one of Hongkong's most humid mornings we awoke to pack baggage, expecting to sail at noon. The ship company agreed to hold our packages two months for the boat that we shall reach at Kobe, Japan. But whether the contents of winter clothes and some purchases will be more than mold and refuse at the end of this time, and in this climate, remained to be seen. We exchanged our money for Shanghai dollars before leaving Hongkong. This meant the third kind of money since entering China less than a week before; but we had more kinds yet to deal with before leaving.

We found some congenial companions aboard. A mother and her two children of about twelve and fourteen were returning from a world tour. Their home is in Chicago. A few Japanese and Indians were on their way to Japan. The Indians were seeking to buy goods in Japan because they are so much cheaper. The matter of wages is another economic problem that may have at least two sides to it. Some of us are convinced that better wages are most desirable, but is it fair and possible to keep

them up while others suffer in need, in a world that is interdependent as our modern world has become?

*April 28.* This was a quiet day for rest and thinking. The morning was given to looking over mail recently received. During the afternoon we read the Gospels in the Goodspeed translation. While we have never been too enthusiastic over these new versions, except for study purposes, yet this version does lend itself to reading books at a sitting.

*April 29.* Everybody was shivering this morning. A lady from the Malay States felt she could not endure it. But to the three travelers cooler air was a tonic; in fact it was not cold, only refreshing. The smell of the Pacific made us feel a bit homesick. Yet at Shanghai we had to turn interior for two months to finish our task and privilege of seeing the fruits of the gospel as it leavens the life of China. The sea is a good place to rest and think, but it is hard for the average American to do either too long. However, our group found a lot of other things to do, which helped to make the trip pleasant and profitable, but left no time to get acquainted with our fellow passengers.

*April 30.* Following breakfast we found ourselves sailing up a beautiful river toward the city of Shanghai. Here could be seen the flags of all nations. Here, too, we found many modern warships



of the nations. Ten Chinese cruisers met us as we went in on a Japanese vessel and all saluted us by "dipping" their flags. One wonders if this bit of courtesy could not be cultivated and extended on the part of Japan toward her neighbor. Further up in the harbor there were at least a dozen warships flying the stars and stripes. One gets anxious to see his flag on world wanderings; but it was with mixed feelings of shame and gladness that we saw so much money wasted on the means of fear and force. At eleven we docked and after the ceremony of tipping, proving our citizenship and getting through customs, were on our way to the Mission Home. After getting our mail we went to a meeting of the National Christian Council. Here about 100 delegates from all over China were in a meeting discussing mission problems and progress. Dr. John R. Mott addressed a large group on the present outlook of missions. We have never heard this missionary statesman more hopeful of the mission cause.

*May 1.* At the breakfast hour in the Mission Home we met many friends in this common cause. Some had just come from the section in far west China where women and children to the number of seventy had been carried out by airplanes on account of the attacks of communists. They had stirring stories to relate. Some from South China and the Philippines were present for a bit of rest and re-

lief for the hot season. We attended the morning session of the National Christian Council. Dr. Mott gave another stirring address on the need of closer co-operation among Christians, since Christ is not divided. In the afternoon we made plans for the next lap of our journey. A walk around the city impressed one as to its cosmopolitan character. Shanghai has a population of three and a third millions. It is the financial and commercial metropolis of China.

*May 2.* After morning worship at the Mission Home we attended part of the forenoon session at the National Christian Council. This meeting was given to consideration of work in the rural areas of China. Church work in the west has been organized on the idea of churches being groups financially able to provide pastoral care, at least with the help of Home Mission Boards. But on the mission fields this plan seems impossible, if we are to get these smaller churches to feel their own sense of responsibility. The conclusion reached was to provide lay leadership in each small village church and to try and provide one well-trained, experienced man to have advisory care over ten to twenty village churches. In the afternoon we were off by train for Tientsin and Peiping on the first lap of our journey to the interior. We found the train a very good one, and much better than eight years ago in war time. We were glad to have Bro. H. C. Yin with us on

this journey part of the way. He is our pastor at Ping Ting Chow and was the delegate from the church and mission to the Council. He is a real Christian statesman and interested in the deeper things of the Christian life.

*May 3.* The country through which we passed showed the care and toil of village farmers. Every foot of ground seemed to be cultivated in the most careful way. Some attention to soil improvement by fertilization and crop rotation would evidently make the task easier and more fruitful. One can see how rural improvement becomes an urgent consideration for missionaries. One farmer in his field was seen on his knees with his hands folded in the attitude of prayer. Bro. Yin, who knows the mind of the Chinese, said he was likely praying for rain, for the country seemed very dry. The poor Chinese can not understand why a good God does not give rain at their bidding, even though the dryness may be due to a lack of humus in the soil, the removal of every tree and forest, or the result of some other bit of human ignorance. Bro Yin left us at Tisnanfu to visit his old home and friends in Shantung Province.

*May 4.* We arrived in Tientsin at seven in the morning, and it was a joy to see the smiling face of Bro. M. M. Myers. He is the secretary of our China mission and he came this far to meet us and show

us some work in this section. We first inspected an office building in which our Mission Board has a third interest, and in which at one time we had hoped to locate a treasurer at the coast. Later this did not seem advisable; but we found the property well rented and increasing in value. Further plans were made for going home in due time, also interior. At four o'clock we took the express for Peiping and in less than three hours were in the ancient capital of China. We were soon domiciled at the College for Chinese Studies, where all our new missionaries study the language before taking up actual work. Here we meet Dr. Walter Judd and his good wife, who are well known to student volunteers.

*May 5.* We had a delightful Sunday in China's ancient capital. We attended services in the morning at the chapel of the Peiping Union Medical College. In the afternoon we visited the Temple of Heaven, where the Emperor of China worshiped in behalf of all his empire up until 1911, when the attempt was made to establish a republic. This vast altar is most impressive. Following this we attended the afternoon service at the Union church. A visit for a half hour in one of the city parks gave evidence that Chinese ladies and gentlemen like such a pleasant place on a beautiful day in May, for thousands were there enjoying a cup of tea or strolling amid the beautiful flowers.

In the evening we had a conference with Miss Li Jung Chen, one of the young ladies from Ping Ting Chow, who has become somewhat famous in the past months by writing an oration that gave her first honors among high school girls in this area. This fact becoming known, she was approached by government officials to christen an airplane to which they wanted to give her name; but she refused when it was said that it might be used for purposes of war, saying, "I have given my life and name to the Prince of Peace and can not do it." She is nineteen years old and gives promise of executive ability and character as a leader in Christian work.

*May 6.* We were off early to see the much talked about mission work of Sam Dean of the Presbyterian church in the city of Peiping. We found it to be worthy in many ways of the popularity it has received. It is a combination of genuine spiritual evangelism associated with excellent industrial work. Such a work, as is usually the case, can only succeed by dint of peculiar personal adaptability of its leader; however, this work bristles with suggestions for any missionary. Mr. Dean teaches by actual work. He does little himself, but gets others to do any and everything. He tries to keep the Christian idea of service tied up with the church and makes the industrial work a factor for individual and community improvement. He tries to keep the training

of rural workers within the limits of their environment, and that for industrial centers likewise, pushing toward better things slowly. A talk with the secretary and treasurer, Mr. Steinbeck, gave us further light on their mission policy and procedure. They have emphasized the training of lay leaders.

We took dinner with a Mr. Edwards who is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work in North China. He paid high tribute to our missionaries and their work. After this pleasant hour we went to the Union Bible School, a school for girls and the training of Bible women and evangelists. We were glad to find in training two of our own women from Liao Chow.

*May 7.* We visited the Tung Chou school fourteen miles from Peiping. This is where the children of our missionaries attend school. It is a beautiful spot and the atmosphere of the school seems splendid. They have the seventh and eighth grades and a splendid high school course. Prior to this the child's training is usually done by the mothers. The care of missionary children is one of our greatest problems, and with a well-managed school of this kind it helps solve the problem at a critical point. These children rank well above the average in mental capacity and moral purpose.

*May 8.* This morning we drove to the Yenching University, about six miles out of the city. This is a modern university with excellent buildings and

grounds. There are 800 students at present. The school's reputation for high grade work brought 1,200 applications last year for 300 openings. A brief talk with its president, Dr. J. Leighton Stewart, and a few members of the faculty, gave us the outline of their plan for an exchange of students, the real object of our visit. From here a short visit to the Summer Palace near by gave us an object lesson on how ancient emperors and empresses spent the people's money for their own comfort.

*May 9.* We were up at five o'clock for breakfast and to the train to begin our trip inland to our mission, making one stop on the way to visit the famous work of Dr. James Yen in adult mass education. We got third-class tickets and found all the coaches full, with scores standing. We decided to change to second-class, paying as much more for the privilege, but this class also was full! The trainmen assured us of seats later on and put us in first-class until there was space. For the sake of those who do not know, I should say that first-class lacks most of the comforts and cleanliness of the older day coaches at home; so we shall not try to describe third-class. At 2: 15 o'clock we arrived at Ting Hsien to see the work above referred to. Most people are familiar with the story of James Yen, how he was moved to teach the Chinese soldiers in Europe to write simple letters home, and how this led to

the discovery of a simpler style of writing. On his return he dedicated his life to adult education. This has now become a much larger experiment, including rural uplift, health and economic improvement.

*May 10.* It was a fresh morning before five as we got in rickshas to catch our train for Ping Ting Chow. It was very dry, the dust deep, and the ricksha men looked at some of us as though they wished we were not so big! The train was on time, and we were soon packed into our third-class places as tight as sardines in a box. We changed cars at a junction, where we also got some breakfast. On the way to the Shansi hills, leaving the plains behind, and passing through tunnel after tunnel, Bro. Brubaker was all expectancy, since to him we were going to where he had spent three happy and useful years. Arriving at the station we were met by Bro. Ikenberry with the Ford that has done faithful service for about fourteen years. We were soon aboard the car for the five-mile trip to Ping Ting Chow. As we entered the city the school children with their band met us, and we marched into the city in Chinese fashion. After a few minutes' rest and removal of part of the dust of the journey there was a formal service of welcome at the church. We were impressed with the large attendance and the progress evident in every department of the work.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### ON OUR CHINA FIELD

**D**ISTANCES in China are measured by the li, three to a mile. We went fifty li to the city of Leping to attend a baptism and a love feast. The trip over the mountains was made in the Ford in a little less than two hours. Mary Schaeffer had been in this vicinity for three weeks in evangelistic work. With a group of Christians she met us, and after winding through the streets of the city we finally reached the place now rented for services. Here we had a hearty welcome from the Christians assembled. The service of further instruction by Bro. Crumpacker was an impressive one and the baptism of two men and one woman followed. In the afternoon Bro. Brubaker spoke helpfully on the meaning of the love feast and its symbols, after which the meeting was held. One was impressed with the simple manner in which the ordinances were observed, all managed and arranged by the deacons of the local church. After the service we took the Ford home, Bro. Brubaker acting as our chauffeur over the Shansi hills.

*May 12.* Early this morning Bro. Brubaker ac-

accompanied Bro. Ikenberry and Dr. Parker to the evangelistic tent more than a hundred li in the country. Bro. Miller addressed the women at the Sunday-school and the writer preached in the regular morning service. In America it was Mother's Day, and we attempted to use the occasion to urge our Chinese friends to give a bit more honor to women and motherhood than is common in China. It was a fairly delicate subject to touch on so soon after our arrival, but we trusted the need justified the risk. The audience seemed to appreciate the effort, but one suggested that it was because the interpreter toned down some of the urges of the speaker, and likely this is true; for interpreters are like editors, by a little adjustment they can save a speaker's or writer's reputation. We ate dinner with the Crumpackers, it being the day before his birthday. During the afternoon many came with evidences of love and respect. It was touching to see their devotion and appreciation. The afternoon included a visit to the Ikenberry home. In the evening all missionaries met for a service in the Crumpacker home, where the writer spoke in English.

*May 13* proved a cold and stormy day. The dust was blinding at times. At the school to give a talk and conduct their worship, we found about 230 boys and girls in attendance. This school includes everything up to the end of the sixth grade. A brief in-

spection of classwork indicated order, cleanliness and apparent good work on the part of the teachers. Some classes recited together as boys and girls, while others did not. Most of these boys and girls were boarding students.

After this we visited the women's school and industrial work, where busy women learn the Bible and other helps for service. At the hospital we found the women's department almost overflowing, while the men's was not so crowded. The hospital is largely self-supporting and is doing a great work in the community.

Bro. Crumpacker's Chinese friends gave him a birthday feast at his home, and 183 came to eat and show their interest. It was impressive to see the esteem for our brother, and in such evidences of friendship he had some compensation for his labors.

*May 14.* We met all the missionaries of the station to talk over the work. These were the Crumpackers, the Brights, the Parkers, the Ikenberrys and the Misses Horning, Schaeffer and Wertz.

The afternoon was consumed in discussing the best possible methods for bringing health and sanitation information to the people, especially in the villages. Our short visit convinced us that China offers a tremendous challenge to the Christian world. The Chinese were never so open to Christianity as now. The attitude of leaders and government has

become most sympathetic. The attacks of Japan have united the Chinese. Communism is apparently a vanishing force; but yet is fighting for its life. Amid these conditions China is looking for help. What a challenge! The evening session was taken up with a report from the other fields and the home church.

*May 15-16.* We started for Liao Chow, seventy-five miles south over mountain ranges. The ancient Ford was gone over. The radiator was repaired, bolts tightened and a few more wires and string added at uncertain places. Dr. Parker accompanied us to attend to some patients and inspect the hospital. He and our junior member shared joys at the wheel. The mountain roads were rough indeed. Through the valleys we followed riverbeds for the most part. It was hard to tell which was the worst. After seven hours we were at Liao Chow without mishap. On arrival we were met by more than 300 students from the three schools. A temporary arch had been erected and the school band, with students and missionaries, gave us a royal reception. These things of course belong to the orientals. They planned it all in their own way. It was a joy to enter into the fine fellowship of the hour.

*May 17.* At nine we met at the church for our formal welcome to Liao Chow. We were surprised to see a church full of more than 300, among them

the chief officials of the city. There was music. A spiritual emphasis on the importance of the work prevailed in all addresses. Two of the chief officials responded to a call to speak and urged that all give heed to the counsel given. At noon a Chinese feast was given in the boys' school to the visitors by the Christian leaders. Fifty-five men and women ate together. It was a real feast with thirty-two different dishes and two hours to attack the many courses of rather delicious food. At three o'clock we were back to the church for a meeting with the Chinese Christians. They asked questions about the church and its work. They were most frank and sincere and the meeting gave opportunity to say many things that needed emphasis. At the close of this session we were met by the seven teachers of the government school, one of whom is a Christian and the others inquirers. How we wished we could talk Chinese, and so help these earnest young men! Respect for their leaders and opposition from their families seem to be the greatest difficulties. We talked for an hour through an interpreter, the best we knew, and left the rest with them and the Lord. On the way home we stopped to take tea with a young married couple. Their home was a cozy place, evidencing the Christian culture of these two fine young Christians.

*May 18* many groups of Christians were in Liao

Chow from the surrounding country to enjoy a few days of summer conference while the deputation was present. This is an annual affair, but planned to fit into the time of our coming this year. We met at the church at nine o'clock. Bro. Miller gave a good talk, Bro. Brubaker followed with a stirring address, and the writer spoke about the church and its officers, since two deacons were to be installed at the close of the morning session. The afternoon session was opened by an address by the principal of the boys' school. One was deeply impressed with the progress made in the last eight years—or to note how they understand Christian worship and are enriching it; how the young people are beginning to assert themselves, helping to make the church a power for good in the community.

*May 19* was a beautiful Sunday. A large group assembled at the church at ten o'clock. Prior to this more than an hour was consumed in instructing about forty-four applicants for baptism. Forty-four men and women were baptized by the pastor in a very impressive manner. Among those present in the large audience was the chief magistrate of the city. He seemed much interested in the baptismal service as well as the other services of the day.

In the afternoon we met for the communion service in the boys' large school auditorium. About 200 communed. The spirit of reverence and under-

standing was most evident. The large attendance was in itself an inspiration. Thus ended another full day that inspired the heart, but wearied the body.

*May 20.* This morning we talked to the pupils of the girls' school about Africa. At the women's school we spoke on the place of joy in the Christian life. After this we discussed with Sister Hutchison the school program and problems and the recent death of Sister Cripe. In the afternoon all the station workers met at the home of Sister Hutchison for a conference on station work and problems. It was refreshing to see the deepened interest on the part of all as the doors of opportunity are being thrust wide open in China.

*May 21.* We were off to Hantou, a village fourteen miles in the country. Here we found a wonderful group of Christians. There are about fifty-five baptized members of the church, with as many more earnest inquirers. Five years ago there were but twelve. They conduct their own meetings by lay leaders, sixteen different ones now taking part in the service. They conduct their worship without any foreign help or money, except that Bro. Sollenberger visits them about once a month. To see these farmers so enthusiastic in their work, and to hear them sing and pray, is an inspiration indeed. Most of them live in caves in the hillsides, but

seemed to be prospering in material goods even as they are in spiritual service.

Among the number was a man once reported dead, who the third day came to life when about to be buried. He gives God much praise for his restoration to life and health. To see his zeal makes one feel there is need for more resurrections of this kind! Returning, we stopped at the cemetery to pay tribute to those whose bodies lie on this beautiful hillside overlooking the city of Liao Chow.

*May 22.* At eight-thirty, amid the music of the boys' school band, we were away on our return to Ping Ting Chow. Under the skillful hands of Bro. Brubaker and Dr. Parker, our old Ford landed us safely and on time. A good bath, mail from home, and other blessings made our welcome wonderful indeed.

*May 23.* We left at noon for Tai Yuan, the capital of the Shansi Province. The heat of midsummer seemed to be thrust suddenly upon us. A call upon all the missionaries of the station, and some writing engaged us until train time. The faithful car took us over the six miles to the station. In a few minutes we were off toward Tai Yuan. At Show Yang the train stopped a few minutes and here we met Bro. Smith and the Misses Clapper and Neher from the mission station near by. We were glad to see these faithful workers again, and to find



them looking so well and happy in their work. After passing many tunnels and winding curves we were at Tai Yuan. Bro. Myers and son Donald met us, and by way of rickshas we were soon at their good home in the city. Here Sister Laura Shock and Frantz Crumpacker joined us for a pleasant evening meal and social hour. But we retired early, since we expected to get up at four in the morning to catch a bus for Tsinchou.

*May 24.* We were up early, only to find the bus nearly an hour late. But eventually we were on the way. At each stop we got additional passengers, though we thought the bus was full at the start! However, the Chinese are used to being crowded and we three Americans had to endure it. Baggage, bicycles and freight were pyramided on top of the car, while fifteen passengers with much additional baggage were within. Our junior member practiced his Chinese language on his fellow-passengers, and by the way, we think he is a good linguist and has recovered his use of Chinese in a wonderful way after eight years of opportunity to forget it. Bro. Miller and myself nursed the cramps in our limbs, while we held baggage on our laps; but our Chinese comrades seemed perfectly comfortable.

We got off at a station where we expected to meet Bro. Wampler. After the bus was gone, we found we were at the wrong place! But before

long a messenger came on a wheel to assure us that the carts would be along in due time. Soon Bro. Wampler and Sister Senger came and the carts followed. We loaded up—the baggage only. We had six or eight miles to walk to Kuchung, the village where we were to stop for the night and have meetings with the village Christians. This walk relieved us of the cramps from riding in the bus, gave us some good exercise, and also our junior member a chance to try his marksmanship on a flock of Chinese pheasants. He made a great record too. The crowd that greeted us in the village was a surprise; so again we found China seems increasingly interested in Christianity.

*May 25.* The early service was led by Bro. Brubaker, followed by talks by Bro. Miller and myself, after which three deacons were installed. Some photographs were taken and after lunch we started in five carts for Tsinchou about twenty miles further on. The skies were overcast and it began to rain soon after we started. The rain was much needed, but we would have preferred some other time than on this seven-hour trip. We were glad to arrive, no wetter than we were. A bath and a warm supper followed at the good home of the Wampplers. While it was after nine o'clock until this was over, yet we had to go to the place of worship near by to be present at our public welcome to Tsinchou. There

was a big crowd and a hearty welcome, so we forgot the twenty-mile journey through the rain.

*May 26* was a fine Sunday morning after the rain, and much cooler. We were asked to preach at the morning service, which was also the opening worship for a three-days' retreat. We met in a church that was built and paid for by the members and friends in the community. It is not as large as some others, but meets their needs, and they feel it is their own and enjoy it and care for it for that reason. Nineteen were baptized in the early afternoon. Later in the evening we gathered for the communion service when ninety-five were present. Thirty-five of these were women. Here again the Chinese brethren cared for the meeting quite as well as many at home.

*May 27.* We enjoyed another cool morning for late May. Our retreat program was built around the general subject of Christian churches in the villages of China. This discussion, as led by Bro. Wampler, was most illuminating. These village Christians just said what they thought, and you can never help others until you know what they are thinking. There were those who thought the home church should send them more money for schools, evangelists and industrial projects. But the most of them had been taught to look to their own resources and this idea prevailed. Three deacons and

their wives were inducted into office at the close of the morning session. The evening meal was enjoyed at the home of Sister Senger, and needless to say it was served with real Iowa hospitality.

*May 28.* The retreat was moved to a hilltop near the city, and on the grounds of a Buddhist temple. The temple grounds proved a beautiful spot. The worship had already begun on our arrival. We attempted to give encouragement in the morning address to the larger use of the many unnoticed resources, instead of looking to others for so much help. In the afternoon we left Bro. Brubaker to assist in the closing sessions of the retreat while the rest of us responded to an invitation to visit the primary and high schools of the city. Bro. Brubaker reported an interesting session of the retreat. One good lady came forty miles to be present. It was a time of refreshing to them and us.

*May 29.* Concluding the notes for the twenty-eighth before the day had quite closed compels us to refer to the day's climax, when one hundred and forty Christians and friends came to show respects to the Wamplers before they left on furlough. They came at this time to let the deputation know their feelings toward the departing missionaries. They brought banners of silk after the manner of the Chinese. An enthusiastic address was made by the leader of the group. A brief, but fine talk, was given

by Sister Wampler. Then Bro. Wampler appealed to them to remain loyal to Christ and the church. Men and women wept. One could think of nothing to compare with the occasion better than the farewell address of Paul to the elders of Ephesus. We were approached by one of the city officers urging that we continue missionaries in their midst, saying that "great good has come to us because of what has been done." Later we were in session with the Christian leaders of the church when a messenger came from the bus line saying that if we wanted to go north in the next two days we would have to go at once. So we were compelled to abruptly close our conference and rush to the bus station. At eleven we were on our way to Tai Yuan, but planning to stop twenty-four hours at Taiku, the home of the Oberlin Shansi Memorial Schools.

*May 30.* This was Memorial Day in America, but not in China. We were out early seeing the graves of those massacred in the Boxer uprising of 1900. Then we went to meet the brilliant acting president of the school, Dr. Y. P. Mei. He is a devoted Christian and alert for the progress of Christianity in China. Then a trip was made to the experimental fields in wheat and other grains; also to the pens of chickens, goats, sheep and other improved live stock. This work is all under the Memorial Schools with Mr. Moyer in

charge. Dr. H. H. Kung is the president of the Oberlin Shansi Memorial Schools, but is now minister of finance in the national government. In the afternoon we visited his beautiful home in Taiku. After a splendid lunch with the Moyers we were off to the train for Tai Yuan, where we arrived at ten-thirty o'clock.

*May 31.* The morning was spent with the Myerses discussing the problems of the mission. The more we faced these problems, the more conscious we became of the implications of Christian missions. What a lot of teaching is necessary to clarify the meaning and purpose of the Christian church! And how to organize this work so that it may be self-propagating and an increasingly vital fellowship is a complex problem indeed! It is not too easy at home to get everybody back of the work. It is more difficult here, and on every mission field. We took lunch with Sister Schock and enjoyed a delightful hour. We then looked over some property under consideration of sale and needed for the work.

*June 1.* This day proved a busy one. We visited the large work of the British Baptists here in the city. They bought early and have large and valuable property. Some of it, especially in the school line is not now in use. They have large hospitals for both men and women and have about eighteen missionaries in and around this station. The spirit of

the Christian church seems more inclined to our own fellowship, however; while the Baptists carry on a splendid institutional service. A good spirit of co-operation exists. The city has a population of 150,000, and thus there is much need for all.

*June 2.* This was a windy, dusty day but we were on the move. Bro. Brubaker attended a Bible class; I preached to our Christian group at the Y. M. C. A. After lunch we meet the church group at the Myers home though many were hindered from coming on account of a storm. More than a hundred have been baptized at this place, but many have moved away. There are about thirty here now. Among the number are students, lawyers, teachers, government employees and others. The personnel is rather above the average for a mission church. Bro. Miller went to the Y. M. C. A. to talk to a group of men on his trip to other lands, and the writer preached to a group of missionaries at the Baptist chapel. It was refreshing to be able to speak in one's own language after many stammering efforts to speak through interpreters. The audience of course was not large, but most appreciative. How missionaries do appreciate a word from the outside! It is an exhausting task to be always fighting darkness and the ignorance of the finer things of our Christian faith.

*June 3.* There seemed no end to the things that

the missionaries desired to talk about so the morning was largely spent discussing these matters. Building a church is not too easy in America. Here the problems increase in proportion to all the complexities of the situation. Will the Chinese meet in large congregations or in small groups or as individuals in their worship? Shall we think of a pastor or lay leaders to direct the work in the beginning here in the city? If a pastor is used, should he be subsidized by the mission? Should a missionary take time to teach English for the benefits of the contacts or not? What about Christian men whose wives are largely non-Christian and whose ancestral authority prohibits them from going out of the house or being taught by anybody? These are but a few of the questions that come up constantly.

In the afternoon a few of the British Baptist ladies called for a visit and conference and later the Chinese leaders came in for the evening meal together. In this group was a lawyer, a graduate of the Northwestern Law School of Chicago. He is a devout Christian who holds a responsible position with the government. Two law students were also present, two or more who work in the post office, and others. It was a challenging group of intelligent men interested in Christianity and the building up of a church here in the city. Most of these men have non-Christian wives. The lawyer is teaching



his wife and prays with her every day. She is likely to become a Christian under such loving guidance. Others cannot control the affairs of their wives and homes, because of ancestral customs or interference. It is hard to have a church without Christian families. But it will come. It must.

*June 4.* A few photographs were taken, some matters of interest discussed about the work in the city of Tai Yuan, and then we were off by train for Show Yang, our next stop. As we started for the train in rickshas, with baggage piled on top of each of us, the writer's man let the front end of his ricksha fly skyward while the man underneath the baggage went earthward. It was a sorry and helpless mess; but nobody was hurt and no photographs taken, so the event will pass into oblivion!

We arrived at Show Yang before three o'clock and the missionaries were all at the railroad station, since the mission station is near by. After a walk to the home of Bro. Smith, we spent the rest of the day discussing the work on the field and in the home church. Can you imagine how anxious missionaries are to have a report from the home church? Daily up against the problems of ignorance, superstition and indifference, they constantly face needs that appeal to their Christian sympathy. It is this drain that sometimes gives a bit of homesickness.

*June 5* our first duty was to inspect the buildings

of the mission. The mission property in Show Yang consists of two compounds, the north and the south. The rest of the forenoon was given to discussing property conditions. The present depression makes selling difficult, if at all possible. With cheap labor and a great need for employment, the removal of one or more to save material and avoid repairs was favorably considered. The land was reserved for a more favorable market. The afternoon was given to a discussion of the relation of church and mission. This is always a complex and difficult problem.

*June 6.* A walk last night to the graveyard of the martyrs of the Boxer Movement in 1900 was impressive to us all. About forty-five of these in this county laid down their lives for the Christian cause, which only reminded us all of the great cost in life and money that has created the soil out of which progress in missions is now emerging. We visited the hospital here which has been sold by the mission to Dr. Shing, one of the Chinese doctors who worked for several years for the mission. The doctor finds these years of depression affecting his work, but seems to be doing a good business and is serving the large community round about in a faithful way.

Then by train we went to Chin Chaou. Here we found a small group of Christians that it was a real joy to meet, for among them we saw those whom

we feel will make leaders in the church. Returning we had a couple hours' conference with the two ministers about the work and were deeply impressed with the difficulties they faced in working among a people, who, for the most part, are both ignorant and indifferent to the claims of God. It was easy to be sincere in the plea for divine guidance in the prayers that closed the meeting.

*June 7.* The morning was given to some urgent writing and clearing up a few personal problems growing out of yesterday's discussion. The afternoon was used in discussing further projects and prospects of the work. The Chinese government now has the New Life Movement for better homes, health and progress, and when we can hitch the Christian movement to a national movement and help, we believe it is strategic to do so. After the discussion we walked a mile to eat our supper beneath a grove of trees, which is a rare privilege in China, for trees are scarce. After the meal we returned to a meeting with the Chinese—and rest for the night.

*June 8.* This morning was given to a meeting with the workers of the mission, especially the Chinese. We considered the matter of reduction of funds, especially the necessity and importance. The need for our Chinese brethren to get under the work more enthusiastically and ways in which this can be done were discussed and emphasized. Their judg-

ment about certain matters of method and procedure was also freely given. The conference was a frank and good one. Following it we ate with Dr. Shing and his good wife at the hospital. We enjoyed a sumptuous Chinese feast with splendid fellowship. The doctor speaks some English which added much for those of us who knew no Chinese. The mission staff spent the rest of the afternoon on questions of various kinds pertaining to the work and in meeting the Chinese Christians coming from the villages to see the visitors.

*June 9* brought a lovely Sunday morning, though very warm. After the Sunday-school we met in the church for the morning worship and tried to talk to them about the vital things needed in helping to make people Christian. Attention indicated that the interpreter was giving a good message, however much he had to draw on his own resources to make it so! The audience was large and this indicated that, for the occasion at least, there was much interest on the part of the Christian community. At the close of the service six men were introduced by the Chinese evangelist. They had all been helpless opium addicts, but have now overcome the awful habit by the grace of God. Each gave a bit of testimony to the saving power of Christ.

## CHAPTER XXV

### AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

**J**UNE 10 we set our faces toward Ping Ting Chow where important mission conferences and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the work in China were to be held. Bro. Ikenberry met us at the station in the venerable Ford. The baggage was put on mules and seven of us in the Ford soon covered the five miles to the mission station. Here we put up at the hospitable home of the Crumpackers, enjoyed a good lunch, the accumulated mail and prepared for meetings.

*June 11.* The morning was given to letter writing, while Bro. Brubaker gave attention to some household goods that had to be left behind when all missionaries left eight years ago. In the afternoon there was an interesting meeting with the Chinese leaders of the church. They asked for suggestions for the improvement of the work. We ventured to recommend attention to the training and selecting of Chinese leaders, the organization of some of the stronger rural groups into churches and the preparation of a simple program for the churches.

*June 12.* This was the opening day of our mis-

sion conference. We were asked to lead the devotional period which was around the thought of our own need of faith in Christ. The rest of the day was consumed in discussing the values and methods of making our mission program most helpful and effective with the limited number of dollars and personnel that are now available. The evening session was opened with the suggestions for the work made by the deputation, as related to the organization of churches, a more unified program, the need for increased numbers of Chinese leaders and other matters. Mr. Boyd of the United Church of Canada Mission was present and gave a report of their work in Honan. He had been invited to explain their work, which had impressed some of our missionaries who had been able to visit it. He was plied with questions of every kind as to its effectiveness. They seem to have succeeded in organizing churches and placing much responsibility on them. This being on the question we had been urging in all our work, we felt happy to share in his experience.

*June 13.* The conference opened with a helpful talk by Bro. Brubaker. Then followed an unusually good opening address by Ernest M. Wampler. It was an effort to point the way of success, showing how sympathy and understanding are real substitutes for money in working among these good people. This was followed by a brief talk by Chair-

man Oberholtzer defining the various policies of mission work. Mr. H. A. Boyd again helped us much by giving of his experience. This resulted in a full and free discussion and the conclusion that more congregations should be organized among the Christian groups in the villages. Routine business was taken up in the afternoon.

The evening meal was eaten together in a social way in the back yard at the Bright home. For a change and rest from the strenuous problems, the evening was devoted to a less heavy program. This took place in the Parker home, even though the doctor could not be there. The young people back from Tung Chow school had a large part in the evening program, and their giving of a drama of a mission meeting was a most clever interpretation of what is going on in the mission field.

*June 14.* The conference turned this morning to the consideration of more routine business. Bro. Oberholtzer was elected chairman. Reports from committees were made. A bit more authority in administration was given to the field committee, whose secretary becomes the unifying adviser of all work and stations. The afternoon was given to a consideration of how to organize churches so that the authority and responsibility of the propagation of Christianity may increasingly be directed by the Chinese church. The night session was given to the

consideration of an entirely new plan and emphasis in the medical work. The intent is to carry medical help to needy rural areas and villages by training village nurses and helpers and giving some idea of the value of health and hygiene through the schools, meanwhile trying to enlist the co-operation of village and government officials in this program.

*June 15.* Now began the four-day celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the opening of the China Mission. Bro. F. H. Crumpacker and wife with Emma Horning and Geo. W. Hilton and wife came two years earlier. This time was spent in learning the language and prospecting for locations. The work actually began at Ping Ting in 1910 and Liao Chow one year later. Dr. C. Y. Cheng gave the opening address. Pastor Yin had charge of the meeting. On the platform were the city magistrate, the head of the county educational work and many other prominent citizens. Dr. Cheng, who is secretary of the Church of Christ in China, and perhaps China's greatest Christian statesman, spoke on What the Church Has Done for China. The city magistrate spoke of the blessing of the mission to the city and county. A business man, who sits on the educational board of the mission school, preached the equivalent of a vigorous sermon, even though he is not a Christian outwardly. Several others, including a member of the deputation, addressed the large crowd.



*June 16* was a lovely Sunday morning, making the terraced hillsides of Shansi a beautiful landscape. At nine the conference began with reports from the work at Liao Chow on evangelistic efforts. Pastor Chang was in charge of the meeting. Sisters Nettie Senger and Anna Hutchison spoke for the missionaries and two of the Chinese evangelists presented their impressions of the work and progress. At eleven Dr. Cheng preached a helpful sermon. Being in Chinese we got only a part of it by the help of a missionary; but if it was all as good as what we understood, it was wise counsel and stimulating interpretation on the practical side of Christianity. In the afternoon reports on evangelistic progress were made from Ping Ting, Show Yang and Tai Yuan. At night Dr. Y. P. Mei gave an address on the importance of helping China in her rural reconstruction. He showed how imports exceed exports to her economic disadvantage; how her farmers are handicapped by ancient ideas of agriculture, and how difficult it is to get her produce to market without roads and railroads. He paid tribute to missionaries living in rural areas and urged the Chinese people to co-operate in these endeavors to improve their condition.

*June 17.* Bro. Miller with the young people of the mission went on a three-mile donkey ride to a hill-top and temple for a day's outing. The rest of us

met with the field committee to attend to some urgent business before the morning session. Dr. Y. P. Mei gave another stimulating address on the church's responsibility in rural uplift. The rest of the forenoon was given to reports on the history and importance of education and the afternoon to a final meeting of the whole mission.

*June 18.* The morning session of the conference was given over to a report on the new policy to put all medical work under one supervising head and try to reach the villages in a more helpful way. Much of the day was given to personal conferences with missionaries and others. At four o'clock Dr. Cheng gave an address on the outlook for the Church of Christ in China. This was given on request, and was an informal talk on the effort of China to clarify its thinking on the unity of the Christian church apart from its many western labels. The evening session was a pageant put on by the Y. P. D. of the Ping Ting church, covering the history of the twenty-five years, in periods of five years each. The pageant was well conceived and splendidly carried out by this fine group of young Chinese Christians.

*June 19.* The morning devotions of the conference were led by Nettie Senger. After this there was a discussion as to the best methods of creating fellowship among the widely scattered groups of Christians in the villages. Dr. Cheng followed with

a most helpful address on The Church of Tomorrow for China. The afternoon and evening were given to a love feast.

*June 20.* The conference discussion this morning concerned the training of lay leaders for the church. Again farmers and camel drivers vied with teachers and evangelists in expressing their views on the subject, but all practical and to the point showing insight into the problem and a keen sense of their need. Dr. Cheng closed with words of great wisdom out of his large experience. In the afternoon came reports on the beginnings and progress of the various industrial activities of the mission.

*June 21.* As in all conferences, it was difficult to hold the interest and attendance to the last. Life seems too busy, even in China, for anniversaries, deputations or the addresses of wise men to hold people much more than a week. Bro. Crumpacker led the morning discussion in his usual vigorous way. Dr. Cheng followed with his last address on the things in our own personal life in relation to God. In the afternoon what we would call district meeting convened to consider some things passed by the mission and the business to arise within its own sessions or from its delegates.

*June 22.* The morning discussion of the summer conference was led by Minneva Neher on the subject of organizing churches, especially in the

villages. What followed proved the liveliest discussion yet, because it was on one of the real problems of modern missions. Shall these churches have pastors or lay leaders? Shall they be confined to one or more villages? How shall they be related to each other? If under lay leaders, as most agree, how can they be supervised, and how shall it be done? Among a people so poor and unaware of church life and responsibility, the answers are not easy; and yet some of us believe there is no better system than that practiced by our fathers a few generations ago in America, with some adjustments to the conditions on the various fields.

This discussion was followed by an address by Nettie Senger on the place of paid workers in the villages. This is another hot spot in mission practice, for many believe paid workers have little place after the work is old enough to think of organizing churches, for it is difficult to get voluntary workers in the midst of those who are paid. But the subject was discussed with profit to all.

*June 23.* This fine Sunday morning led us into one of the hottest days we had yet experienced in China. After personal conferences the Sunday-school convened, followed by preaching, where we tried to think on the subject of the aim and quality of Christian love. After the service we were invited to the girls' school where a group from the church

had prepared another Chinese feast for the Crum-packers and Sister Horning, soon to leave on furlough. At 7:30 a service was held for the ordination of Bro. E. L. Ikenberry and wife into the office of eldership. This service was conducted by Bro. H. C. Yin and Bro. Oberholtzer. The former is our only ordained Chinese elder. We spoke again at night, by request, giving some friendly counsel concerning the work.

*June 24.* We were up at 5:30 to walk a half mile beyond the edge of the city to hold a memorial service in the cool of the day in the cemetery where four of our missionaries are buried, also a number of children and Chinese Christians. Those whose dust lies here are B. F. Heckman, Anna V. Blough, Fern H. Coffman and Lulu Ullom Coffman. All the missionaries were present and it was a sacred hour and a great challenge to all of us to carry on the work for which they gave their lives.

The morning session of the conference was given to work with young people. In a land like China where so much reverence is given to age, it is difficult to get the average adult to appreciate the place of youth in the building of the church. But they do have a splendid young people's organization in the Ping Ting church and under the able leadership of Paul Yin it is going forward and doing a lot of fine voluntary service. There is also a school among the

poor wholly directed by this group. The afternoon was given to the final session of the field committee and at night Bro. Crumpacker gave the final address of the two weeks' conference, treating the early history of the mission.

*June 25.* We spent the day in conferences here and there with the missionaries and in a last talk over many matters that the busy days had not permitted consideration of heretofore. One longed for an opportunity to help work out some things agreed upon; but time will be required for most of these ventures, and the call from home and duties that awaited us on the other side of the Pacific were pulling stronger. The evening hour was spent in the good home of Dr. Parker where the whole station family gathered to fellowship together once again before parting.

*June 26* was the last full day before saying good-by. It was spent in personal conferences, offering a word of encouragement here, and getting some information elsewhere. How many things we will later think about that we wanted to know or talk about! Life just gets a bit too strenuous sometimes to live it well and efficiently. Here we may learn something from our Chinese friends.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### FAREWELL TO CHINA

CAME at last the day for saying farewell to our mission comrades in Shansi. The two months with them had been busy indeed and all too short. We turned away with a new sense of the many problems that arise as the work advances.

After lunch we were off to the train in the faithful Ford. The memories of the group who came to say farewell, singing "God be with you," will long remain a precious thing. The testimony of love by the large group of women who came to say farewell to Emma Horning as she went on furlough was an evidence of the appreciation in which many missionaries are held. Farewells were finally said, and we were off to the train with Dr. Parker at the wheel. We were glad to be on the way home; yet reluctantly turned from the comrades who are working at one of the most interesting, profitable and hopeful tasks of the Christian church.

*June 28.* After a night in the hotel at the almost unspellable junction of the Peiping and Hankow railroad, we were off at eight o'clock toward Peiping. For a change this train was not crowded. We

found some fine people to talk to. The writer stretched himself out on a seat; then a lad of seventeen returned to the seat which was his. I quickly arose and gave him his seat. I could not speak to him of course; but he followed me all over the car to urge me to resume my comfortable place. I told my comrades that these Chinese were not more courteous than I would like to be; but I was certain that they are more courteous than I am. Later we met a Chinese doctor who seemed a most warm-hearted Christian. He had studied for years in Germany but longed rather to become a minister that he might teach the gospel to his own people.

We reached Peiping at 6:30 o'clock and by rickshas found our way to the Missionary Home in charge of Miss A. R. Cowis, where we met a group of missionaries. We found that during the day the city of Peiping had almost gotten into the hands of bandits through the capture of an armored train; but on the final attack of the government soldiers it was recaptured and peace restored.

*June 29.* This was a beautiful and quiet morning in the old city of Peiping. Bro. Brubaker looked after some purchases and other business. Miss Horning and Bro. Miller went browsing in the shops and the writer turned to getting off a half dozen letters. After the letters I went to the office of Dr. C. Y. Cheng, who spent a week with us at Ping



Ting Chow. He seemed much impressed with our work and its outlook and was particularly pleased with the significance of the pageant that was given of the history of twenty-five years, and with the part the young people played in that drama. After lunch we went together to see some of the interesting things in this old capital of China. We first visited the ancient Llama Temple of Buddha. They told us three hundred priests still live and worship at this ancient shrine, while hundreds and thousands of others come twice daily to offer their devotions. There is much that is impressive and significant; but everywhere is written the evidence of decay and a passing day for a religion that thrives on ignorance and superstition. The facts of life just naturally demand that they be faced; and with an increasing intelligence sweeping across the world superstition must gradually and surely retire. It can not be forced out of our thinking; but it will go anyhow.

Later we visited other temples that are now utilized as schools and libraries. This is no doubt a better use of them; but still leaves an aching void in the human heart for the Eternal Spirit of Jehovah. The Winter Palace, used by former emperors, is still a thing of great beauty in its grounds, gardens and water courses covered with the beautiful lotus flowers. We returned to the Missionary Home to get better acquainted with the missionaries that

come and go through this ancient city. Here were Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Americans and British, with all shades of theological convictions, answering the same call of Christ to give the gospel to the world. They are for the most part a splendid group of folks who put the divine task above all else.

*June 30.* After a busy week we wanted to make this a day of rest and worship. We went to the service in the chapel of the British Legation, this being the only service in English in the city. It was a beautiful morning and we found the little chapel well filled, with about sixty-five soldiers on one side of the chapel and a few less of citizens on the other side. The soldiers took part lustily in the singing and shared with apparent interest in the various liturgies of the Church of England service. Coming out we saw an American soldier under the influence of drink slapping with his belt the man pulling his ricksha. We were humiliated at the unfortunate contrast in the conduct of the soldiers of the two countries, and especially so after seeing a drunken American soldier, but the day before, destroying some property in a park. Mentioning this fact to a British lady, she said she thought that British soldiers were not better than American; they were only under severer requirements of obedience to law. Anyhow it embarrassed an American citizen to see the only cases of drunkenness in this ancient metrop-

olis among the few soldiers who are supposed to maintain law and order! The evening service at the Union church in the city was well attended. Here we had been asked to preach. After the service more than a half dozen persons seemed to go out of their way to pay high tribute to the members of our own mission, the most of whom are known to many in this group. It was a joy to know that those who represent us in these far-flung fields at least impress their neighbors with loyalty and zeal for the best things in Christian missions.

*July 1.* We were up early in the morning to accompany Bro. Miller and Emma Horning in a trip to the Great Wall. The train left the station at seven for the three and one-half hours' run which takes one around the city, then through the fertile and well-watered valleys and at last through the mountains. At the station we secured donkeys and astride these we climbed the hills for a mile or more to the wall. One felt disappointed at first at the size of the wall, being apparently too small for any practical value. But remembering that it has been there for nearly 2,000 years one marvels that there is any of it left. We could only conjecture as to its original appearance and size; but it did show great skill, patience and labor necessary to erect 1,700 miles of wall. The day was perfect and the outlook over the mountains more than paid for the climb to

see it. We returned to the city by four o'clock and the rest of the evening was used in making a few final purchases, paying bills and packing up for leaving early in the morning.

*July 2.* We bade farewell to the Missionary Home, or Home of Rest, as it is called. And under efficient management it is a real home of rest to those who may be passing through the city. Its religious atmosphere is sane and refreshing. We were off on the Mukden Express for Tangku, where we were to take the boat, the *Keizan Maru*, to Kobe. But Sister Horning and myself stopped at Tientsin to get her ticket, passport, etc., while our comrades went on with the baggage to the boat. Our stop in the city was a delight, for most of it was spent in the good home of Mr. Hugh MacKenzie, who is treasurer of the Board of Missions for North China of the United Church of Canada. Tientsin is the next largest city to Shanghai in China and has more than a million and a quarter people. It is the financial and commercial center of North China, while Peiping has been the political and educational center.

In the afternoon we took the train to join our comrades. It was refreshing to get a bit of sea air in exchange for the very dry and dusty atmosphere of the interior.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A GLIMPSE OF JAPAN

OUR boat pulled out of the harbor about on time—an hour after midnight—so far as sleepy folks could determine. The day dawned with beauty on the sea and the air much cooler. We found our Japanese boat very satisfactory and everybody willing to make us comfortable. There were ten European passengers, representing Britain, Germany and America. The trip from Tientsin to Kobe across the Yellow Sea is often one of stress and storm, so we were glad that the first day was delightful with a glorious sunset at the close.

*July 4.* The Fourth of July did not mean anything on the Yellow Sea! But it is refreshing for a nationalist to get away from home on one of his own national holidays. At home with the playing of bands, the waving of flags, and the crowds out on holiday, one may be inclined to feel that all the world is paying obeisance, but far enough away from home the country from which the traveler comes is often only another name. The day was a perfect one. The rocky peaks bordering the Inland Sea stood out against the silver sheen of the water

and the golden glory of a setting sun in the west.

*July 5.* We began to feel the change in atmosphere as we approached Japan, for the rainy season was on. We stopped at Moji at four o'clock; all passengers were called to the dining room, the officers came aboard, looked us all squarely in the face and dismissed us as reasonably safe folks to enter Japan. We unloaded a cargo of millet here and one marveled at the energy and management of the Japanese even in a small job like this. Two women entered the hold of the ship first. With needles and thread they sewed up all holes in the millet sacks and with brush and pan gathered up all millet that had gotten out through these holes. Several men quickly piled eighteen or twenty sacks on a rope and out they came to be loaded on a boat beside our ship.

*July 6* proved a rainy, foggy morning on the Inland Sea of Japan. At nine o'clock we passed the place of the disaster of forty-eight hours before, where a collision of two boats resulted in the loss of more than eighty lives. A ship was standing by and other boats with divers were still searching for bodies. Our ship in recognition of the sad event slowed up, then proceeded to Kobe. We reached this city about two o'clock. Customs inspection over, we were soon in a car and off to find the Missionary Home in the city. Soon we were established in Miss Santee's "House of Emmaus" on a beautiful hill-

side overlooking the city. After tea we strolled through the shopping district and found much similarity with stores of the west. The men of Japan are rapidly accepting western dress, but the women cling to their beautiful kimonos and sashes. Both still use the convenient shoes of the Japanese. After the dinner hour we again went to the shopping district and found great hordes strolling along, window shopping much as people do in any western city. Cleanliness and order prevailed. Japan combines a touch of the ancient with much of the modern in her arts, crafts and other activities. Beautiful flowers, fruits and material from her factories were tastefully arranged everywhere at prices that seemed incredible to a westerner.

*July 7.* A walk up the hillside to the Zoo Park and past several famous Shinto shrines gave us a wonderful outlook over the city of Kobe. With other guests of the Mission Home we attended morning service at the Union church. Here we had the privilege of hearing Dr. Harry Myers. This speaker is the man who was instrumental in leading Mr. Kagawa into the Christian life. After lunch we walked to the rather famous Nunobiki Waterfalls near the city. Some of us attended the evening service again in the Union church and listened to a stirring address by a Christian business man of the city.

*July 8.* This day in Kobe was given to a bit of

shopping and making plans for sailing on the *Asama Maru*. There are a lot of things incredibly cheap and beautiful in Japan, but funds were limited; so we counted our pennies and borrowed from each other. However, buying beyond the hundred dollar limit, so that import duty would have to be paid, we knew, would not be economy.

*July 9.* There was much excitement this morning as many were preparing to take ship from the Mission Home. Farewells were said and we were soon on our way to the boat, the *Asama Maru*, which was to be our home for the next two weeks. We found it a large new vessel of modern type. We sailed at 3 P. M., and the rest of the day was spent in getting acquainted with the passengers—many of whom were missionaries—inspecting our boat and finding out the limitations of each class.

We shall never forget, how as the massive ship pulled away from the dock there were seemingly thousands of paper ribbons of every color of the rainbow floating in the wind. One end of each ribbon was held by a passenger and the other by some friend on the dock. Finally the last one was broken and the ship moved quietly out to sea. This custom is a really beautiful one when entered into so heartily as these Japanese folks do. It is also said that this custom, which is now practiced in many ports, was inaugurated by the Japanese.



*July 10.* Stopping for a few hours in Yokohama, we drove to Tokio in the afternoon, a distance of twenty-five miles. Our contract was to take us up and back and drive three hours through the city for fifteen yen (about \$4.50). Tokio is the capital of the Japanese empire—a city of nearly six million and thus third in size in the world. Here is the home of the emperor. The palace with other buildings occupies 1,500 acres. The site is surrounded by water and well guarded. The government buildings for the most part are new and imposing, some having been renewed since the earthquake of twelve years ago. The city is clean and has a very modern air about it. The outlying districts, as in other cities, are not so imposing. We returned by six o'clock to dinner on the boat and spent the evening discussing the impressions of the trip.

*July 11.* The morning was spent in the city of Yokohama, getting information and shopping. The climax of the stop at Yokohama came the hour of departing, when more than 2,000 people assembled to say farewell to friends. Each bought ribbons of paper to throw out to those on the dock. To see these thousands of ribbons fluttering in the wind, the smiles and tears of those at either end, the extreme courtesies of Japanese friends separating from each other, as well as many Europeans, was a scene that could not be duplicated elsewhere in the

world. Promptly at three o'clock the whistle blew and the boat moved, severing the ribbons and leaving the thousands on shore, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and watching us finally disappear in the distance.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### COOL PACIFIC DAYS

THE weather was cool and the sea still fairly rough. Quite a few were indisposed. We spent the morning trying to put into a report some of our impressions and matters that ought to be considered by the Board in the light of our study and contacts with the work. When one sees the results of missions in the life of a nation, and then stops to think of the selfish nationalism that has swept over the world since the World War, one is inclined to feel that we need a new baptism of the meaning of Jesus' last request to take the gospel of goodwill to the nations of the world. There may be schemes and institutions to prevent war, but until we have a deep sense of the efficacy of the philosophy of Jesus, and that he died for all men, there will be no sustaining power to make these plans effective. Here on board was much evidence of these things. There was a dark man from Java, a Christian. His fellowship was sought and enjoyed by all, for he sympathizes with all. Here was a Japanese, also a Christian, and likewise open, frank and free. But there were others who were

not. Of course some of this is temperament; but beyond this there is a power that changes and inspires toward the fellowship the world needs.

*July 13.* The probable fifty passengers in our class are about equally divided between missionaries and those engaged in other pursuits. It was a joy to talk over the problems and progress of our common tasks in the mission field and share the things that we trust will hasten the work. The floods in China as reported in our daily news, the attitude of Japan toward China, religion and economic recovery in America, with the many changes and hopes in the mission fields—all were discussed daily.

*July 14.* This was a beautiful Sunday morning with a bit more quietness on the sea and the consequent appearance of some who had been ill. A service was arranged in the lounge of our class and Rev. Glenn R. Phillips preached a very helpful sermon on the place and reason for joy in our Christian faith. It was a joy to see the large attendance. Besides Americans and Europeans, there were Japanese, Chinese, Burmese and Javanese present.

At night we showed the pictures taken in India of our own mission work. The ship furnishes a projector for such pictures and many of the missionaries aboard requested to see them and so it was arranged. A good audience came and we were pleased to find the pictures in good shape.

*July 15.* The day dawned cooler and clearer, for which we all were glad. We spent the morning as usual at our work on reports and writing. In the afternoon a book on the heroic journey of three English missionary ladies through the northwest of China, Tibet and Turkestan into Siberia and on to London stirred our interest by the sheer simple faith and courage that led them through dangers of many kinds. At the supper hour I accepted an invitation to eat with friends in third-class, which was a pleasure to do.

*July 16.* There was a stiff head wind that reduced the speed of our ship which promised to cause us to reach Honolulu a few hours late. We were glad, however, to have such a good home to cross the Pacific. The *Asama Maru* is one of the newer boats of the N. Y. K. Line. It is built with all the modern improvements and conveniences. It is air-conditioned and cost seven millions in gold.

At noon we crossed the 180th meridian, which is the international date line where time is adjusted. We had been gaining on the time at home ever since we left New York last summer, until we were about eighteen hours ahead of Chicago time. So we had another day to live up this extra time and were five hours behind Chicago time after the day was over. Just what to do with this extra day and what to call it was the topic of conversation. It was inter-

esting to hear folks try to explain this phenomenon of time: they all said they understood it, but could not explain it.

*July 16.* Well, we have had our extra day and the only name the ship gave it was "second July 16." So two Tuesdays came together and we had the strange experience of a week with eight days. This extra day was an added possession for life, unless in the years ahead we shall sail the other way across the Pacific. But after all it was no extra day; since for ten months we had been shortening the days little by little.

*July 17* was another cool and rather rough day on the sea. Quite a few did not report for meals; but the deputation trio of pilgrims have responded regularly so far; in fact in all our wanderings we have not had a really rough sea. Many duties were to be looked after these days on the sea: planning for a stop at Honolulu; for customs at San Francisco; cards back to China and letters here and there; thinking of any message we ought to share with the home church—these and other things crowded in for consideration. A long talk with Mr. Young who is in charge of a large school in Tokio under the Disciples Church was helpful. He knows Kaga-wa well, knows Japan and mission schools. A talk with Mr. Sauer, a Methodist missionary in Korea, was also profitable.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### HAWAII AND HOME

WE awoke in the morning to see one of the Hawaiian islands in the distance. After a week of sailing without sighting land or even a ship, it was good to see land again. This island, as we got closer, proved to be a beauty spot with the morning sun shining on its fertile hills and valley. There was a great crowd to meet the ship and a Hawaiian song with music went up lustily from hundreds of throats. It was good to see a few familiar faces of California friends in the group and to enjoy their delightful fellowship and entertainment during the evening.

*July 19.* On returning to the boat the previous evening we had plans for our friends to meet us in the morning for a drive about the city. Honolulu is a beautiful spot and not only the stars and stripes bade us welcome, but the city radiates much of the American spirit. It has a fine climate; tropical fruits and flowers abound. The beautiful custom of greeting strangers and friends with garlands of flowers is both popular and practical in such a land of their abundance and fragrance. The influence

of the United States army and navy is apparent, as there are more than 15,000 men here now with more on the way. Cars from the states frequent the many good highways, and the shops and stores make one feel he is at home—provided one has plenty of United States money, for our friends reported living as high.

*July 20.* Those who were on deck early enough this morning had a rare sight of a perfect rainbow. Going east we passed through a shower of rain and mist. Passing it under the full light of the rising sun and looking back against the dark sky, we saw a rare specimen of this phenomenon of beauty caused by the sun's rays on drops of water. In the most radiant beauty it seemed tied to the proverbial pot of gold at each end, as planted in the sea. Two reflected bows were above it in diminishing light. At about 9:30 o'clock we passed the *Tatsu Maru*, a sister boat of this line. The demonstration of greeting was most cordial. It was all a very exciting and exhilarating moment, especially since such things do not often happen on the lonely trips across the wide expanse of the Pacific.

*July 21* was a lovely Sunday morning and we all looked forward to the morning service in our second-class lounge. Mr. Young of the Disciples Mission had charge of the service, and the writer gave the talk. There was a good attendance and we



greatly enjoyed getting together. Since Honolulu, our group has become one of almost complete interest in the work of missions and the church. After dinner in the evening the whole group gathered in the lounge and joined in the singing of the old hymns, led by Bro. Brubaker. It was a delightful hour, after which matters of church and religion were discussed by a few of us much interested in these subjects.

*July 22.* Everybody was given his sheet for the declaration of baggage for customs inspection. Questions were asked and information sought by many. It was an interesting task to make a record of all purchases and gifts and their values for this purpose. Our last letters were written and duties attended to, so that we might be ready for disembarking two days hence. The moving pictures at night were of the four seasons in Japan.

*July 23.* This was the coldest day yet on our voyage across the Pacific. A few were absent from meals also. But interest and excitement kept the most up, since it was the last full day for most of the passengers who expected to disembark at San Francisco. The evening dinner was the farewell meal and it was an abounding evidence of the efficiency of the Japanese ship in which we traveled.

The evening in our second-class was an impromptu entertainment of songs and stories. Japanese,

Javanese, Burmese and Europeans vied with each other in the music. Children and adults all made their contribution, some of which were fine indeed. The fellowship of so many missionaries had been a delight and profitable in all our journeyings, and especially on this boat. One was deeply impressed with the unity of mankind on a trip like this.

*July 24.* How we did look for the appearance of the Golden Gate! But it was enveloped in a typical San Francisco fog. Although everybody was anxious, we felt very much more certain than did Christopher Columbus that there was land just ahead—and our own native land at that! At last, through the fog, we got the outline of the rocks to our right, then on the left. And happily, the fog began to lift and gave us a splendid view of the harbor. We were more than glad to be within its protection and also so near home again. While we were passing quarantine, a voice called for Brubaker and we went to the deck to find his good wife in a launch near our boat, there to welcome him home.

Finally, after lunch, we were permitted to disembark and meet the good friends of Oakland and from the surrounding churches who came to meet us. That evening a reception, planned by the pastor, was held at the Oakland church. Few can appreciate the deeper fellowships of a common faith and work until they have the joy of such experien-

ces. A large number shared in the good meal and glad fellowship of the evening. Bro. Miller gave a few helpful words before he had to leave for the train. Sister Emma Horning and Bro. Brubaker added most timely remarks. The joy of such a welcome home, the singing and the helpfulness of the afternoon made our first stop in the homeland a glad time long to be remembered.

*July 25.* After a good night's rest in the home of Bro. Ed. Cunningham and his wife, we took the train to start eastward and homeward. How good the homeland looked! We have seen delightful spots and otherwise across the world, but there is something charming about the land you know and the people you understand. We wonder sometimes if we might know folks better, their inward struggles, timidity and loneliness, their condemnation of their own weaknesses and all the rest, if we would not find a lot of lovely folks among those we now misunderstand.

*July 26.* It was good to find others on the train whom we knew and many good folks whom it was a joy to meet. Having been out of the country for almost a year one was anxious to get his bearings. We learned from two sources of the splendid work that is being done by two of our own pastors in western cities. These sincere tributes were paid by devout men in other churches and those of us who

have a jealous interest in the progress and Christian fortitude of the church we love are always more than glad for these testimonies from others. There can be no higher contribution to the church in these days than a wise and helpful interpretation of our Christian message and a consistent exemplification of it upon the part of all church leaders. We rejoiced to believe that there is an increasing desire to do this very thing on the part of most of our ministers and pastors.

*July 27.* Just eleven months since we left Elgin! We arrived at Geneva on time and were happy to see the faces of those we love and those who probably shared the greater burden of the trip. With them was a group of loyal friends whose support and help in the trip had been a constant inspiration. How good it was to be home again! The joy of the comradeship of those who love and understand you both in language and purpose can only be appreciated by those who have had the experience. That we have kept well and have had a safe journey, and if some good has come to the great cause of the world mission of Christianity by our going, is due to the blessing of a kind Father and the co-operation of a faithful church with whom we have tried to share these observations along the way.

## CHAPTER XXX

### AN EVALUATION OF MISSIONS

**P**ERHAPS there is no cause in the world that has so many ardent supporters, and at the same time so many critics, as has Christian missions. Both of these lively groups are found in the home churches as well as on the mission field. Both are more or less sincere in the positions they take. The difference is caused by what they are looking for and by what they do not know about mission work. So let us first consider the sources and nature of mission criticism, and then the simple tests by which one can evaluate the present day mission enterprise.

As just indicated, missions suffer much from the ignorance of both friends and foes. Friends have given millions to establish a doctrine, theory or organization, instead of sharing hope in the Redeemer of men. Others have supported unwittingly the plans and methods of particular enthusiasts, and opposed others, not knowing the values of either. Opponents at home say missions are ineffective, create irritations, are not wanted, and a host of other things which equally reflect misrepresenta-

tion and a general ignorance of the true situation.

In the mission lands equally great misrepresentations are heard. A patriotic young Indian insisted that the American government was back of the mission program and supporting it with government funds. We tried to inform him that the government had troubles enough of its own, especially in depression years, without assuming this task in which it has not the slightest interest; but likely the patriot is of the same opinion still.

There is another ignorance that causes the friends of missions to be guilty of misunderstandings; this is ignorance of the customs and life of the peoples among whom missionaries must serve. One of the best informed missionary statesman said in reply to an inquiry regarding the greatest need of modern missionaries, that it was to interpret the gospel in terms of a people's need and thinking. There is no gospel principle that is not of universal application, though these principles have different applications in the life of different peoples. Principles needing emphasis at one place may not be needed at another. The simple life needs a new discovery and emphasis in our western civilization; but not in the interior of Africa! America may need to take time to be holy, but in India they need something more than time. Many have already used a lot of that without much success.

Then there are all kinds of missionaries. Some are so busy at their particular tasks that they can not see the larger implications of their work. Some see so many interesting things in the larger task to talk and write about that they can not stay by the duties close at hand. Some have trouble to appreciate the fine qualities of life in those who speak another language, or who are steeped in the traditions and habits of a different racial heritage. A few missionaries see so many fine things in other cultures, not found in their own, that they almost forget their real mission is to redeem these fine things for the kingdom of God. Some feel much in the past was done on wrong principles, while others fear that the present trends will shipwreck what the fathers have builded. But most missionaries diligently work away at the task because they know this is right and that God is with them, guiding and blessing still.

Now let us evaluate the mission task in the light of these acknowledged problems and conditions. Has the cause justified the expenditure of millions of money and hundreds of devoted lives? Has the home church herself been helped in this task of sharing her faith? Have the nations been helped in any effective way? Will there ever be an autonomous, self-supporting and growing church in these mission lands? What is the hope or assurance that

all this interest, concern and sacrifice shall ever be used of God?

In judging with respect to cost we must remember that the deeper and unseen blessings of the Spirit of God can not be measured in dollars and cents. That these values exist and give promise of growth and blessing under the love of Christ is sufficient reason to answer the missionary call. But there is much more that can be evaluated. There are evidences of conversion and change in individuals and communities that compare with those recorded in the Acts. Missionaries have found, as did Jesus, those in strange lands and countries who have shown a faith "not found in Israel." Leaders have been discovered, trained and put on fire for Christianity in the east as well as in the west. Communities have been awakened, educated and healed, so that joy and service have become their daily concern and life.

Again, how have we of the church at home profited through missions? Many of us forget that we never had a satisfactory philosophy of life until we shared our message of Christ. This has given us a new picture of God as Father and Redeemer. It has revealed the divine love and concern for all men and the way that opens to the more abundant life. There is nothing in Christianity that is contrary to progress. It is truly the message that satisfies the



heart and leads to culture and goodwill. Other religions find themselves either antagonistic to or disintegrating under the demands of progress. Caste in Hinduism, the indifference to womanhood characteristic of Mohammedanism, and superstition in all of them make it clear they can not long exist in the full light of God's love and justice as revealed in the gospel. Man's hunger for immortality can not be met by the fanciful theories and superstitions to which millions are now subjected. The gospel of Christ must be shared with these people! How else can we face our Father of love and redemption?

Consider how the gospel leaven works in other lands, for the basic things of the gospel are bound to change men everywhere. Whether they go forth as ministers of the gospel or carry these ideals into the ordinary walks of life, Christians bring a changing order. Comparatively speaking there are but few Christians in Japan. Yet in its parliament there are a dozen Christians who are mightily affecting political ideals. China has a large number of Christians among the leaders of its government, and if left alone would soon bring order out of chaos in its struggle for better things. Nations are being slowly changed because among their leaders in life and thought there are those whom missionaries have found and trained in the things of God as revealed in Christ. Then there is the great host

of little known teachers and preachers working away here and there across the world. We listened to one such in China for a week. As he spoke words of faith and wisdom to his Chinese brethren, we marveled and felt that it would be difficult to find such faith and leadership at home! Then if one could tell the story of the changing family life in these lands, it would seem too wonderful to be true.

Some wonder if there will ever be a church on the mission fields that is self-supporting, self-propagating and able for self-government. It will take time to make these Christians fully church conscious, for there is no church idea in other religions. There is no sense of co-operative fellowship for the propagation of the will and work of God. Christianity alone carries this privilege and responsibility.

But a new day is dawning. We communed with a hundred people in a building erected by their own means and hands. It was a credit to them and the city in which it was built. In another village in a different country it was a joy to see the village chief, a Christian and church member, assume control of meetings, plan for a communion and direct a baptism. The skill and spirit in which it was all done was a good omen for the future church. In another mountain village they pointed with pride to the schedule of services for which the leaders had made themselves responsible. Of course there will

be setbacks, just as at home when somebody forgets the Lord. But there is perhaps less danger of this in mission lands because it seems so lately that they found him.

What about the institutions that have cost a lot of money and at times almost monopolized our finances and personnel? Have they all been worthwhile and helpful? We think quite as much so as anywhere else in the world. Some have been better than others and more needed. All kinds of institutions—educational, medical and philanthropic—will from now on be increasingly built and maintained by the various governments of these lands. But they would never have known the benefit and blessing of them, if missions had not led the way and shown these fruits of the Christian faith and life.

There will also be needed for many years institutions for the training of leaders. But as we find our way into the kind of education, which trains for life, we can not make these institutions too good. We also believe that the mission field is finding its way into this type of training even more rapidly than at home. It must be said to the credit of some of America's best universities that they gladly share and solicit the fellowship of missionaries in their institutions, both because of what they can bring to an American student body in character and

spirit, and because of their fresh outlook on training for life and conditions as they are found in mission lands.

The task is not done by any means. The need for a Christian interpretation of life is as urgent as it ever was, and likely more appreciated. We must go in a spirit of humility and with fraternal desire for understanding. We must be none the less Christian, likely even more. Those of mission lands now know that not everybody in the west is Christian. They know our weaknesses through the cinema, the press, travel and otherwise. They know the faults of our political outlook. They have felt the iron heel of our economic pressure and political narrowness. But there is an increasing multitude of the educated and otherwise who will welcome enthusiastically those who know Christ and can help them to find him.

For those who can see something of hope and God in a people who speak another language, or who bear another color, missions offer the one great opportunity in the world to create goodwill. If one would aid in stamping out the barbaric custom of war among nations, establish a more reasonable economic understanding among all peoples who should be friendly, let him enlist in this great service. But it must be done with the deepest understanding of the Christian spirit. Thus for those

who have a faith in the gospel of Christ for which they will live and die, who are qualified to radiate that faith tactfully and sincerely, the cause of missions still has a challenge and opportunity that was never exceeded, and perhaps never equaled.











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